

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES AND ALL THE LATEST NEWS

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

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THE GREAT SUNDAY PICTURE NEWSPAPER.

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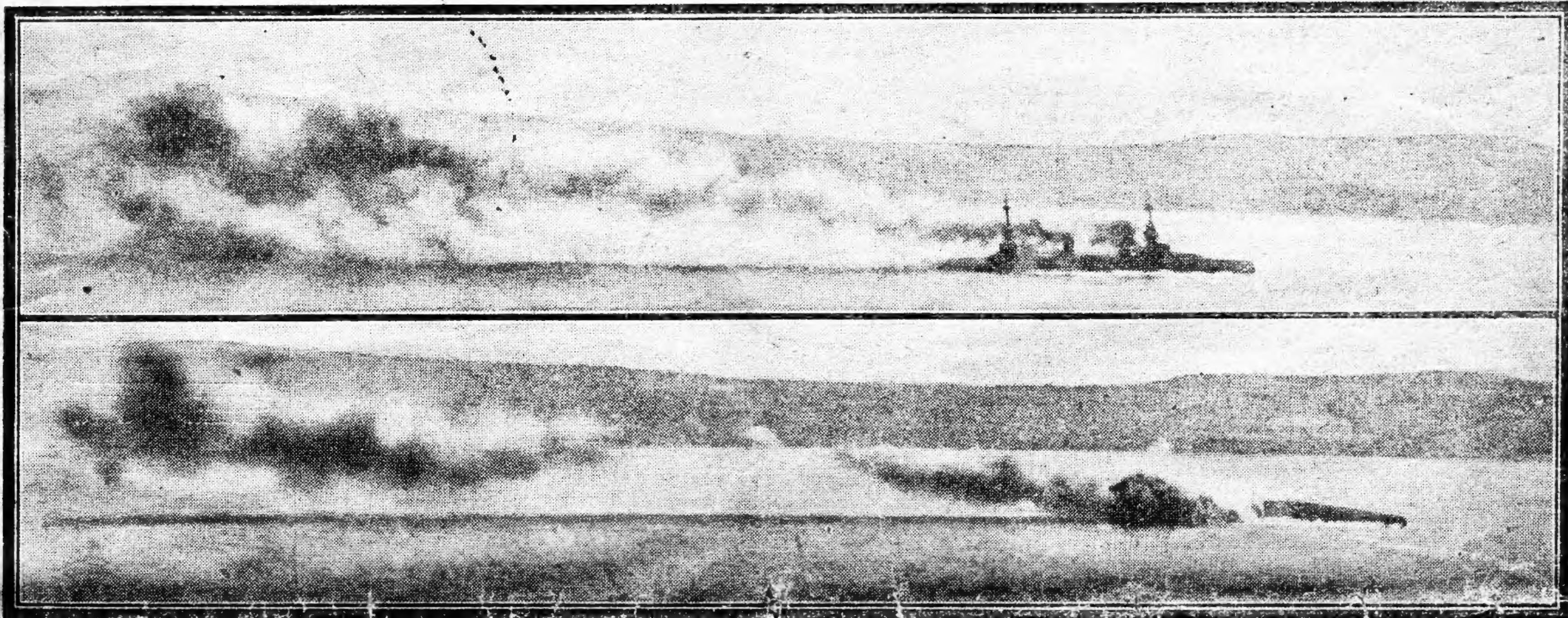
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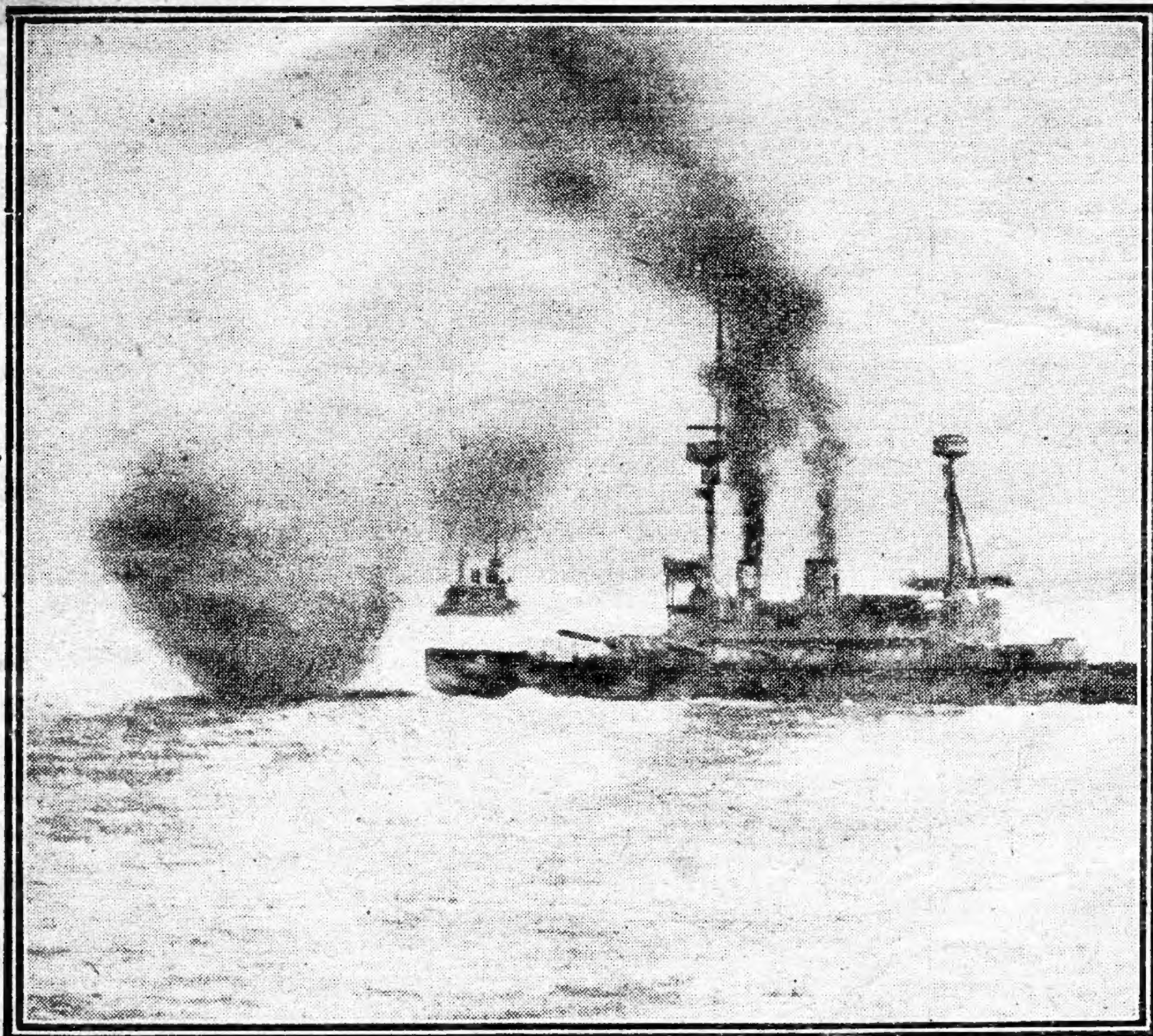
One Penny.

BATTLESHIP'S DEATH AGONY: THE BOUVET'S SWIFT AND SUDDEN DOOM



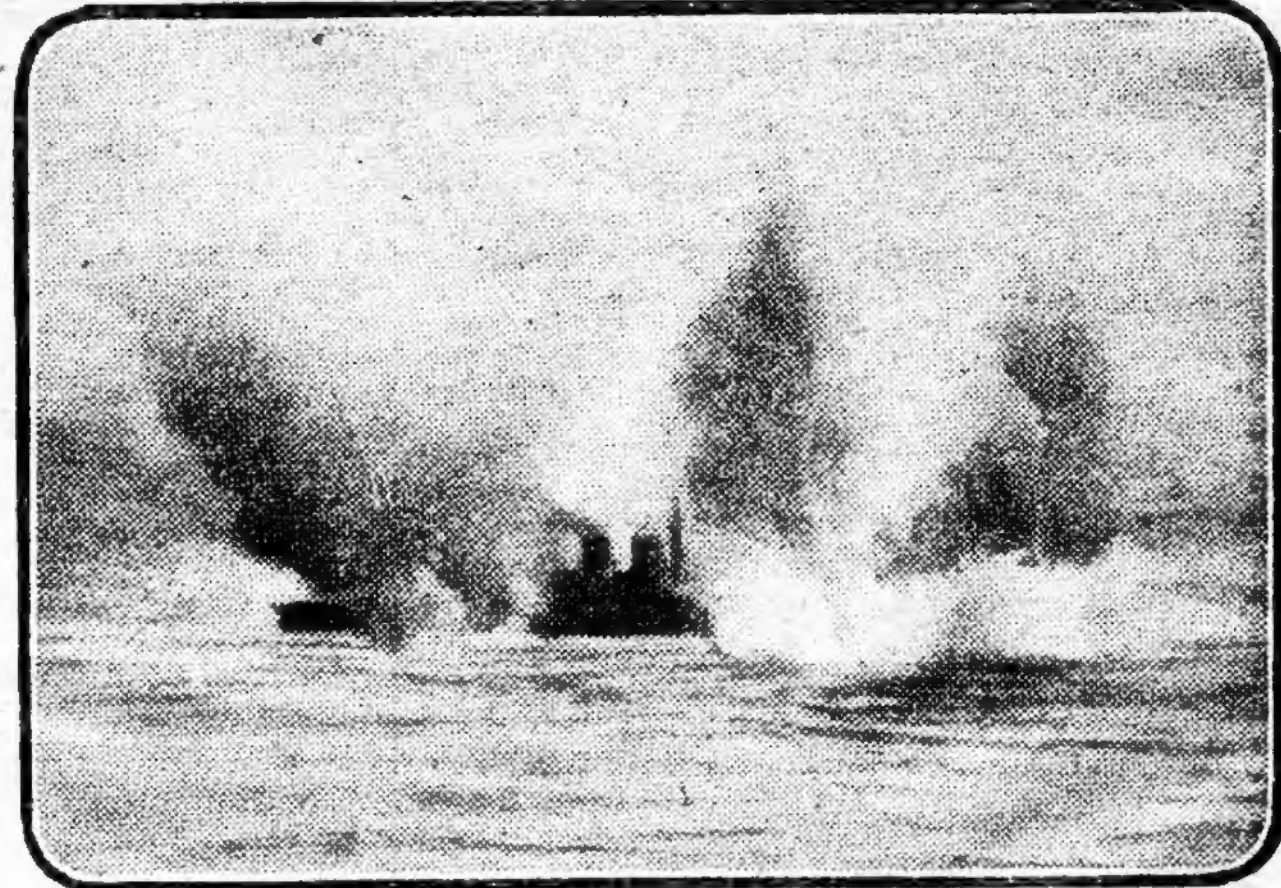
These remarkable photographs illustrating the sinking of the French battleship Bouvet in the Dardanelles were taken within a few seconds of each other. In the top one the ill-starred vessel is seen steaming at full speed, and in the lower one she has heeled right over

after striking a floating mine. She had travelled barely half her own length, as the reader will observe by noting the contour of the hills. The long wash caused by the speed at which she was steaming has not yet disappeared. Nearly the whole of the crew perished.

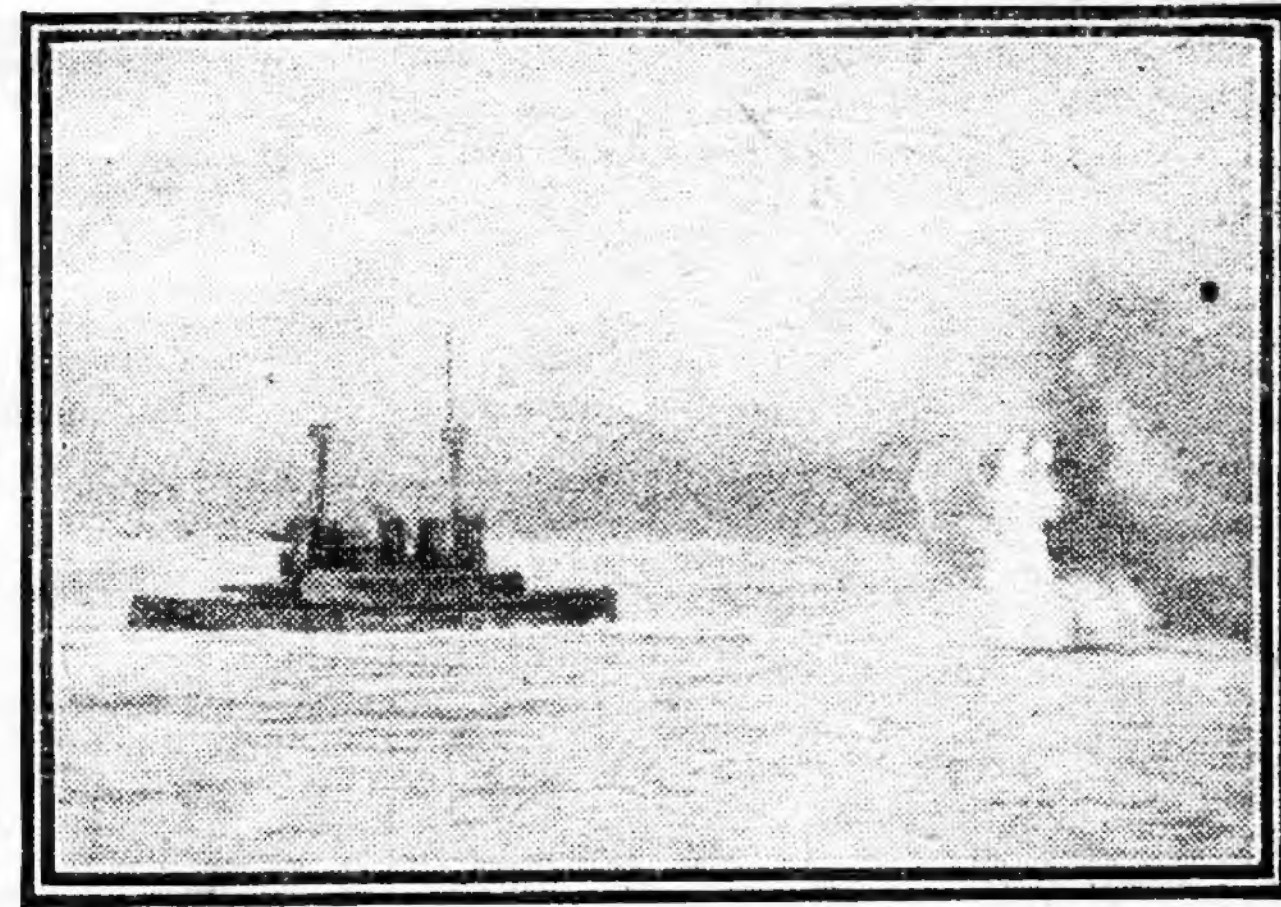


Nearly struck. A Turkish shell falls in the water perilously close to H.M.S. Agamemnon.

These pictures give the reader a good idea of the perilous task of forcing the Dardanelles. Losses are inevitable if the Allied Fleets are to anchor in the Bosphorus, which, assuredly, they will do in due course. Mr. Gladstone said that the Turks must leave Europe "bag



The fleets' perilous task. Shells drop all round a French vessel.



Shells throwing up great columns of water near H.M.S. Agamemnon.

and baggage," and if the great statesman were alive to-day he would be delighted to think that they were about to depart from the Continent for good and all.—(By courtesy of *L'Illustration* and the *Illustrated London News*.)

HOW OUR SECRETS CAN BE FOUND OUT.

German's Amazing Tales of English War Life.

FEAR OF OUR ARMY.

Must Neutrals Be Forbidden the Country?

(SPECIAL TO THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL.")

The persistent rumours that German spies are in our midst are not without support. Only this week the authorities have sanctioned the publication of news announcing that three persons have been arrested on a charge of espionage.

What can a German spy see when he comes to London?

The answer is given in an amazing book, published last month in Berlin, which has just found its way into the office of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

This is a book that shows that we are still at the mercy of any neutral who chooses to come here and spy out the land.

Such a neutral has little trouble in coming to England, and less in leaving. Even if he cannot take out documents with him there is nothing to prevent his remembering important data.

The book is called "London and Paris in War Time," and is from the pen of Herr Norbert Jacques, a native of Luxembourg.

GIRL'S GIFTS OF WHITE FEATHERS.

Herr Jacques makes no mystery about his attachment to Germany. His book is dedicated "in love and respect to Germany—my chosen home."

Germany's "Eye-Witness" explains that he has been to London before, and shows his familiarity with English by besprinkling his pages with "all right."

"Young girls," he says, "stand outside the recruiting offices, which are now as plentiful as public-houses, and clutch hold of young men, showing them a white feather. The policeman standing by is not ashamed to curse heartily any young man who fails to respond to this inspiring call."

MYSTERY OF OUR NEW ARMY.

On the other hand, he does not underrate our men. This is his judgment:—

"We (Germany) have falsely estimated the value of the English soldier. He is soldier by profession with all the firmness and sure determination of his race. This has made his worth—his great direct value as attacking or defensive soldier, which a Frenchman declared to be a priceless treasure."

"The important question for the German Army is what the new men are going to be like? Will these new volunteers bring into battle the knowledge of experience?"

"Tipperary" is most objectionable to him. According to him it is a negro song, born in a café chantant, and it is "sung at sea, during a battle, when drunk or while marching."

One of the pleasing little bits of German information which Herr Jacques had brought with him was that the British authorities were purposely lighting up Olympia (then used as main concentration camp for detained alien enemies), so that in case of aerial attack the Zeppelins might drop bombs on their own countrymen.

So when evening came he duly trotted along to the Hammersmith-road, but found that Olympia was as dark as every other place.

OUR FASCINATING SEARCHLIGHTS.

The question of London's lights greatly interests Herr Jacques. He was fascinated by the searchlights, and as a dutiful observer thought it was his duty to find out where they were situated.

"I go to these light-wells. A pair are standing at Charing Cross Station; another pair seem to come from the other side of the Thames, perhaps Victoria Station. The third pair of lights work in an easterly direction. 'I go hither and thither to find out where the others are.'"

"I am just standing by one as it is going out when a man suddenly says to me out of the darkness, 'Can you account for yourself?'"

"Quite frightened, I showed him my pass, whereupon he said: 'All right, I thank you.'"

HAMBURG STUCK-UP NOSES.

But quite the most delicious touch about the whole book is the Luxemburger's experience on the boat going back to Holland on his way to report in Germany. On the boat were a number of German women who were going back to the Fatherland, and among them a couple of young girls.

Herr Jacques, as a diligent news gatherer, spoke to them "in German, of course, and gave them to understand that I was a German. But this seemed to them something like high treason to the England they had just left. Their reply was short and stiff."

"They spoke nothing but English and read nothing but English books, until to my great content they became very sick. They were a couple of Hamburg 'stuck-up-noses' (Hamburger stupsnasen)."

Of course, Herr Jacques gives away no military secrets in the book. Maybe Herr Jacques would never concern himself about military secrets even if they were thrust in front of him.

But it is certainly alarming that an unfriendly "neutral" can roam about at will in London, entering and leaving the country at his heart's desire.

For all we know London contains a hundred such men to-day.

LOVE OR DUTY?

Acquittal of Captain Who Shot His Wife.

I HAD TO OBEY."

PARIS, Saturday.

The Paris court-martial to-day acquitted Captain Herail, of the French Hussars, who was charged with having at Compeigne shot his wife dead with a revolver because she refused to leave him in war time, and thus prevented him from doing his duty.

The accused was defended by Maître Henri Robert, the famous criminal lawyer, and many fashionably-dressed women and soldiers in uniform were present.

The case was a particularly tragic one. Captain Herail, a young and wealthy officer, lived on terms of the greatest affection with his wife, who, when he was ordered to the front on the outbreak of war, felt the separation deeply.—Central News.

In a low voice, broken by sobs, Captain Herail explained at the outset (adds an Exchange telegram) that he had done his utmost to make his wife leave, as he had been told several times by the colonel of his regiment that the Headquarters orders forbade the wives of officers to be with them in the army zone.

In spite of this his wife, leaving her three little children in the South of France, rushed to Compeigne, whither she had learned, though not from him, that he had been sent. He tried again and again to get his wife to leave.

Then he received orders from his chiefs that she must leave, or he would be court-martialled for disobedience and his Cross of the Legion of Honour would be withdrawn. The accused told the Court that he had often squabbled all night with his wife on the subject, but to no purpose.

Sobbing again, he narrated the circumstances of the final scene, when, half-crazy, he shot at her three times with a revolver and killed her when she flatly refused to go, adding, "My poor wife; but, my colonel, what could I do? I had to obey."

Witnesses having been heard, Maître Henri Roberts began his speech for the defence. The sympathy of everyone in court, few of whom did not shed a tear, was for the prisoner.

DARED HIDDEN GUNS.

V.C. Naval Hero Who Was Shot Through Both Arms and Legs.

The Victoria Cross conferred on Commander Peel Ritchie, R.N., who was wounded eight times while commanding the demolition operations at Dar-es-Salaam, East Africa, reveals a daring deed of heroism in face of a treacherous foe.

During the shelling of the harbour the Germans, as a ruse, hoisted the white flag, with the result that the British ships became the target for a devastating fire almost at point-blank range.

Commander Peel was shot through both arms and both legs and also in the body and a bullet grazed his head. His ship was repeatedly swept by fire from concealed machine guns, but by clever screening under a lighter and by daring seamanship the gallant officer brought his ship out of the trap.

£250,000 FIRE.

£20,000,000 of Tobacco in Record Warehouse.

Damage estimated at well over £250,000 was caused by the disastrous fire which broke out in the huge tobacco warehouse—the largest in the world—at Stanley Dock, Liverpool, late on Friday night and raged well into yesterday.

The dense smoke from the burning contents made it almost impossible for the firemen to work, and in spite of the new smoke dispersing apparatus six members of the Fire Brigade were overpowered by the fumes during the night and several others were overcome yesterday.

After nearly twenty hours' work the firemen decided to flood the basement. The fire floats of the Mersey Harbour Board were moved to an adjacent dock and poured thousands of tons of water into the cellars, the doors of which had been previously strengthened with clay and banks of timber.

The warehouse consists of three buildings, and has a total floor space of thirty-five acres. At the time of the outbreak its contents consisted of 92,000 casks of tobacco, weighing 40,000 tons. The value of this tobacco in bond would be approximately £3,000,000, which would be increased by revenue duties by a further £17,000,000.

MISSING ARMY MEAT.

On a charge of misappropriating Army meat and flour at the local goods station Sergeant Shepherd and Corporal Smith, of the A.S.C., and Tom Lawes, a carter, were again remanded at Tunbridge Wells yesterday.

Mr. Dickens, K.C., who is prosecuting, said it was extremely probable that further charges would be preferred against at least two of the prisoners—Shepherd and Smith.

It was also very probable that other men would be brought into court. Further inquiries had to be made, and the authorities regarded the case as one of the greatest importance.

MAN-WOMAN'S SECRET.

Finds in a Clairvoyant's Weird Den.

IKON, CRUCIFIX AND ALTAR.

The sensation created in Nottingham by the arrest of a strangely-garbed woman who for ten years has been a conspicuous figure in the city has been deepened by the discovery that "she" is a man.

Arrested last Wednesday by pure chance when "she" happened to call at the house of a police-sergeant, begging for a charitable religious organisation, she was taken to prison. Papers in the possession of the prisoner described "her" as "Helen Phillips, minister of the Christian Police Mission."

For years she has been an extraordinary figure, parading the streets covered with beads, rosaries, crucifixes and other bizarre ornaments.

Her face and hands were a deep copper hue, which the police now state was dye. She wore on a deformed left arm a man's boot laced up.

When the police visited the prisoner's home in Woolpack-lane they found on a door sign:—"Miss Dr. Vien, F.S.H.S., astronomy recorder, astrology clairvoyance."

In a tiny living room an attempt had been made to erect a sort of altar after the fashion of the Greek Church. A coloured picture of the Cross was surmounted by a holy ikon, and the whole was surrounded by numerous candles and oil-lamps, one of which was apparently kept constantly burning.

On a table to the right of the altar stood a number of long candles, one of which was alight. The scene altogether was a weird one, and as uncanny as anything that could be devised.

With a little window, half-shaded by a curtain, the light was uncertain and the room full of strange phantasy.

The prisoner will be further charged with masquerading in women's clothing.

FROCK COAT OR CASSOCK?

Grave Discussion at Esher Over Parish Clerk's New Attire.

Should a parish clerk wear a cassock is a question which is causing a sharp difference of opinion at Esher Parish Church.

The rector, feeling the parish clerk should wear a distinctive dress, consulted the authorities on old parish customs, and a cassock was duly provided.

Objection was raised to the change on the ground that five previous clerks, "who were all respectable men," had invariably appeared at church in frock-coats.

'HELLO GIRLS' NIGHT WORK

"Must Have Nice Voices and Be Refined."

Owing to the scarcity of male labour, girl operators are to be employed on night duty at the London telephone exchanges.

The selected candidates who, according to Mr. Berlyn, the controller, "must have nice voices and be refined," will have to undergo a short training, during which they will receive 22s. per week of forty-eight hours, which will be increased to 24s. when proficient. Three hours nightly will be allowed for rest and meals, and the girls will be on duty four nights per week.

A number of applications have been received, and one exchange, Victoria, is already fully staffed from the trained day operators.

GERMAN'S HOME TRUTHS.

"Austria Already Beaten; Germany On Eve of Defeat."

Under the title "J'accuse," says a Central News Paris telegram, a book, written in German by a German well known in Berlin literary circles, has just been published in Switzerland. It is one of the most scathing criticisms of the German Government yet published.

The military party is violently attacked for having deliberately deceived and poisoned German public opinion. Several pages are devoted to praising England's efforts to maintain peace, and it is shown that France and Russia carried on the same pacific work.

In the third part of the book, "The Crime," it is made clear that, whilst Austria is already beaten, Germany is on the eve of defeat, and it is claimed that the German people is already suffering chastisement for the crime of those who hurled it into war.

NOT SPEEDING UP.

"Something is radically wrong," declared Mr. Bottomley at Glasgow yesterday, when he gave the result of his examination of the time-sheets of most of the representative shipyards and works.

The output, he said, was not more than two-thirds of the capacity of the yards and works. Startling as it might sound, the average hours of work, taking the whole of the men's time, instead of showing much overtime due to the pressure of war orders, actually showed some three hours less than the ordinary full trades union work.

GERMANS TORTURE PRISONERS.

British Soldiers Praying To Be Shot.

800,000 WAR CAPTIVES.

Men Who Are Gradually Being Starved to Death.

The heart of the nation was stirred to its deepest depths of compassion yesterday for our fighting men who have suffered as prisoners of war from the inhuman cruelties of the Germans.

Tortures, tyrannies and indignities of the basest and meanest description are officially recorded in the Foreign Office White-paper—No. Cd. 7,817.

This document, containing the reports of neutral and unbiased officials of the United States Embassy, sets forth charges against the Germans which will astound the world.

UNDER THE HUN'S HEEL.

800,000 Soldiers of the Allies with the Torturers.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the report yesterday came a braggart wireless message from Berlin giving the number of prisoners at present in German captivity.

It would appear from this message that over 800,000 officers and men of the Allies are subject to the cruelties reported below. The figures are:—

Nationality.	Officers.	Men.
British	520	20,307
Belgian	647	39,620
French	3,868	238,496
Russian	5,140	504,210
Totals	10,175	802,633

SLEEPING IN MARSHES.

Thirty British Soldiers Who Prayed To Be Shot.

Here are a few of the passages from the terrible official indictment:—

From a French priest:—
The German soldiers at Minden kick the British prisoners in the stomach and break their guns over their backs.

They force them to sleep out in marshy places, so that many are now consumptive. The British are almost starved, and such have been their tortures that thirty of them asked to be shot.

From a Russian Army doctor:—

The rank and file, including a certain number of British soldiers, were quartered in undrained earthen huts, without heat and without light.

From Burg, near Magdeburg (Sir Edward Grey says), it is reported that:—

Twenty-three British officers were living in one room—a garret under the roof. The prisoners are stated to be given very little food and to be all herded together without light or warmth, their condition being such that they are apparently being gradually starved to death.

BRITISH OFFICER KICKED.

From the camp at Doeberitz:—

An American who visited the camp was warned by the guard not to touch anything because of the vermin from the prisoners, who had not had a bath since they came.

When a man can stand the torture no longer he is sent to the hospital.

From Major Vandaleur, of the 1st Cameronians, wounded at La Bassée:—

At the station we were driven into closed-in wagons from which horses had just been removed, fifty-two men being crowded into the one in which the other four officers and myself were.

At Mons (Bergen) I was pulled out in front of the wagon by the order of the officer in charge of the station, and after cursing me in filthy language for some ten minutes he ordered one of his soldiers to kick me back into the wagon, which he did, sending me sprawling into the filthy mess at the bottom of the wagon.

NEW HUNNISH THREAT.

To crown all yesterday afternoon came a telegram from Amsterdam in which the *Berlin Lokalanzeiger* waxes indignant at alleged British ill-treatment of prisoners from German submarines.

"International law does not allow prisoners of war to be put into dungeons," says the *Lokalanzeiger*.

The fact is that the captured crews of Germans in this country are detained in naval barracks, segregated from other prisoners of war and deprived only of such luxuries as tobacco. They receive ample food.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Generally fine, but some local passing showers; temperature moderate.

GERMANS LOSE 30,000 MEN IN FIGHT FOR WEDGE OF DEATH

Defeated General Ready to Sacrifice 100,000 of the Kaiser's Best Troops.

KEY TO THE WOEVRE A VERITABLE FORTRESS.

Admission that Position Taken by French Is of the Highest Importance.

French troops have dealt the first smashing blow in what is evidently the prelude to the Allies' grand offensive.

Details of the brilliant French capture of Eparges, as revealed in last night's Paris official report, show that the Germans have been hurled out of a "veritable fortress" with a loss of 30,000 men.

The German general, it is stated, told his men that he would sacrifice, if necessary, his division, a whole army corps or 100,000 men to hold Eparges.

All was in vain. French valour triumphed. And now the whole position is in our Allies' hands.

With the French holding Les Eparges and dominating the plain of Woivre, the position of the Germans clinging in a wedge to St. Mihiel, whence they may find it impossible to retreat, is becoming desperate.

On the right and left flanks the Allies are closing round St. Mihiel, leaving the enemy in a wedge, where they may be crushed to death.

HILL WAS WORTH AN ARMY CORPS.

German Orders—"Hold On at All Costs."

MORE FRENCH PROGRESS.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, Saturday.

To night's official communiqué states:—Between the Meuse and the Moselle we have retained all the ground gained and made fresh progress.

At Eparges the enemy has taken no action either with infantry or artillery.

The whole of the position is in our power. Statements of prisoners emphasise the importance of our success.

The Germans since the end of February had on this part of the front the entire 33rd Division of the reserve, then, towards the end of March, when this division was exhausted, the 10th Active Division of the 5th Army Corps, composed of the best troops of their Army, was brought up.

"HOLD ON AT ALL COSTS."

It is this division which has just lost the veritable fortress constructed on the spur of Eparges.

The troops had frequently been ordered to hold on at all costs.

They were told that the position was of the greatest importance, and their general said that in order to keep it he would sacrifice the division, the army corps, or 100,000 men if necessary.

The losses suffered by the Germans at Eparges during the last two months amount to 30,000 men.

In Montmaré Wood we have carried another line of trenches and repulsed a counter-attack. To the north of Regnierville we have consolidated and slightly extended our position.—Reuter.

FRENCH WIN WITH EAYONET.

This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

There is nothing to add to the communiqué of yesterday evening.

Supplementary reports, which arrived in the night, relate that the two attacks which made us masters yesterday of the last German positions at Les Eparges, led to desperate bayonet fighting.—Reuter.

ZEPPELINS COMING WEST.

STOCKHOLM, Saturday.

The *Taegliche Rundschau* states that Zeppelins have been seen going westwards over the northern portion of the Dutch island of Schiermonnikoog.—Exchange Special.

WAR PREPARATIONS IN ITALY.

Engineers Dig Trenches Near Fiume.

NEW GUN PLATFORMS.

Population Leaving Austria's Chief Naval Station.

ROME, Saturday.

The Gorizia Engineering Corps is rapidly constructing from Upper Isonzo to Fiume several lines of trenches resembling those which stopped the Russian advance on Cracow.

Platforms for heavy artillery are also being built and other military measures pointing to the imminent opening of hostilities are being taken.

It is reported, says the *Messaggero*, that the civil population will evacuate Pola to day.—Exchange Special.

Fiume is the great seaport thirty-five miles south-east of Trieste across the Istrian Peninsula.

Pola is the chief naval station of Austria Hungary.

BACK TO FATHERLAND.

Germans, it was reported yesterday from Rome, are leaving Italy in a steady stream.

There is no coercion in any quarter, and the decision to leave is being taken individually, with an intimate knowledge of the situation.

German business men of long residence in Italy and holding important interests are handing over their affairs and returning to the Fatherland.

A report received yesterday from Paris stated that the dispatch of goods from Germany to Italy had been prohibited, and that railway carriages bound for Italy had been stopped. Later it is stated that this order was due to a request from the Swiss railway authorities, who desire to "clear" a large quantity of goods delayed at frontier stations.

TRAPPED BY OWN MINES?

German Cruisers and Battleships Reported Sunk.

PARIS, Saturday.

According to a message from Amsterdam to the paper *L'Information*, it is rumoured in Scandinavian shipping circles that the six vessels which were sunk in the Baltic three days ago were not escort boats or coal ships, as previously stated, but cruisers and battleships.—Exchange.

German warships have recently been displaying extraordinary activity in the Baltic.

When returning the German fleet suddenly found itself caught in its own mine field! The mines had got adrift in heavy seas.

It was then reported from Copenhagen that "six big German steamers" had been sunk by the drifting mines.

All maritime traffic was stopped, and the German squadron, prevented from returning to its Baltic naval base, took refuge between the islands of Gotland and Oeland.

FIRE ARROWS AT AIRMEN

AMSTERDAM, Saturday.

The *Tyd* learns from Sluis that last Thursday evening Allied airmen appeared over the German positions at Knocke, dropping seven bombs, with what result is not known.

The Germans shot several fire arrows, which at their greatest height sent out numerous fireballs, brilliantly lighting up the sky. The Germans were unable to locate the enemy airmen.—Reuter.

TO CUT ALLIES' LINES.

AMSTERDAM, Saturday.

The Sluis correspondent of the *Telegraaf* in a telegram describing the fighting to the south of Dixmude says the Germans made a well-prepared and persistent attempt to break through the Allies' lines at Dixmude, with the hope of establishing themselves on dryer ground.

The Belgians recently shot down a Taube aeroplane near Pervyse. The two airmen were dead.—Exchange.

RELIEF SHIP SUNK.

London Steamer Attacked by Pirates?

FEARED LOSS OF LIFE.

ROTTERDAM, Saturday.

The Dutch steamer *Elisabeth*, bound for New York, has returned to Rotterdam with twenty-two men of the crew of the British steamer *Harpalyce*, who were picked up seven miles north-east of the Noord Hinder lightship, their vessel having been sunk by a mine or a submarine.

Among the rescued are the second mate and second engineer. The *Harpalyce* carried a crew of fifty three.

In addition to those rescued by the *Elisabeth* five other survivors have been brought into the waterway by the Dutch steamer *Constance Catharina*, from Falmouth. The others were apparently drowned.

The *Harpalyce* was chartered by the Belgian Relief Committee, and was supplied with papers intended to protect her against all attacks.—Reuter.

The *Harpalyce*, a steamer of 5,940 tons, built in 1911, was owned by J. and C. Harrison, Ltd., of Mark-lane, E.C.

L.S.W.R. STEAMER SUNK.

It was reported by Lloyd's yesterday that the steamer *Guernsey*, of Southampton, had been sunk off Cape La Hague. The *Guernsey* was a steamer of 509 gross tonnage, built in 1874, and owned by the London and South-Western Railway Company.

SWEEPING OVER THE CARPATHIANS.

Austrians Admit Great Russian Advance.

STORMING THE HEIGHTS.

"The Russians have extended their long front to the Carpathians and gained some ground."

Such is the notable admission contained in yesterday's Austrian official report on the great battle for the heights.

A Milan report declares that Austria is ready to conclude a separate peace with Russia.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

PETROGRAD, Saturday.

The communiqué of the General Staff issued to-day says:—

In the Carpathians, in the direction of Mezo Laborez, beginning an offensive from positions near Czabolocz, we dislodged the enemy from Wirawa.

At Volia Michowa we seized Height 909, with the result that the enemy was repulsed along the entire length of the principal chain of the Carpathians in the region of our offensive.

In the direction of Rostoki the enemy received considerable reinforcements, and on Thursday made obstinate counter-attacks, but we successfully repelled them and took 1,000 prisoners, including twenty officers.

Cutting their way through snow sometimes more than 6ft. deep, our troops have approached at several points within a distance of two and a half miles of the Uzsok Valley.—Reuter.

THE STREAM OF MEN.

VENICE, Saturday.

A telegram from Budapest states that, despite their recent losses in the Carpathians, the Russians continue their attacks with undiminished vigour, and are continually bringing up reinforcements and sending them into the firing line.

A heavy artillery engagement is reported to have occurred above Bartfeld, following which the Russians attempted to storm the Austrian positions.

They are now exerting all their strength to force a passage on the western boundary of the Szekes county, in order to make a flank attack on the Austrian position in the Makowitz Valley.

The journals admit that the Russians are gaining some successes, but declare that these are relatively small and unimportant in comparison with their enormous sacrifices.—Reuter.

NEUVE CHAPELLE ROLL.

Latest Casualty List Makes Total of Dead 1,600.

The fourth casualty list of non-commissioned officers and men, apparently having special reference to the battle of Neuve Chapelle, was issued last night.

It includes the names of 1,110 rank and file, bringing the total of casualties reported up to date in this engagement to above 5,000, with nearly 1,600 either "killed" or "died of wounds."

War Office casualty lists issued last night contain the names of ten officers, eight being reported from General Headquarters under date April 8.

SIX DAYS' MAN HUNT IN HILLS.

Escaped German Officers Still at Large.

FRIENDS IN MOTOR-CARS?

Search for "Strangers" Who Bought Big Petrol Supply.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

RHYL, Saturday.

Over 50,000 police all over the country—and every military patrol—are now in telegraphic touch with the headquarters here in connection with the hunt for the two German officers who escaped from the camp for prisoners of war at Dyffrynau.

Hundreds of alleged clues have been investigated and traced to nothing. The Germans, after six days, are still at large.

Numerous scouting parties organised by the police and war departments are searching every part of the hilly district, but the task is a big one, as the locality is wild and thinly populated.

It is believed here that the escaped men must have had accomplices outside, and that they have left the neighbourhood.

For some time past, it is now recalled, two large, speedy motor cars have been very much in evidence in the neighbourhood, and that at night they carried powerful head lights, while the purchases they made of petrol were remarkably large.

ENGLISH CLOTHES BOUGHT.

The police are endeavouring to trace these cars, and they are also looking for a stranger who last week hired a trap from Denbigh.

Although he inquired the direction of certain places, as soon as he left the town he drove away into the country and apparently knew the district very well.

Prisoners at the camp, it is reported, have purchased English-made clothing pretty freely, so that there would be very little difficulty in the escaped men wearing different clothes to those in the official description.

Rainproof coats of an expensive kind have been bought from local tradespeople, and it is possible that the prisoners will be found to possess these.

The farm hands of the district are keenly on the lookout for suspicious persons, and all motor-cars are closely examined.

NIGHTS IN OPEN BOATS.

Three Torpedoes Sink French Ship—Crew Set Adrift.

PARIS, Saturday.

The *Petit Journal* publishes the following telegram from Tréport:—

The French four-masted sailing vessel *Chateaubriand*, of 2,300 tons, of Nantes, left London for New York with a cargo of chalk.

Between the Isle of Wight and Barfleur she encountered a German submarine, which rose twenty-five yards distant. The German commander ordered her to strike her flag. The *Chateaubriand* obeyed, and the German then ordered the captain and crew of twenty-four to take to the boats. They were given ten minutes.

In the twelfth minute the submarine launched three torpedoes against the *Chateaubriand*, which heeled over and sank in three minutes. In the first boat were the captain and eleven men, and in the other thirteen men.

For two days and nights they rowed through a rough sea.

To-day the captain's boat reached Tréport. Shortly afterwards the second boat was seen drifting in the direction of Cayeux.

A lifeboat was put out, and with great difficulty succeeded in taking off all.—Reuter.

"NOTHING DOING" NOTE.

WASHINGTON, Saturday.

Germany has sent a Note to the United States complaining that America has accomplished nothing by her diplomatic correspondence with the Allies anent the right to ship foodstuffs to belligerent civilians.

The communication intimates that America has virtually acquiesced in the British Order in Council prohibiting commerce with Germany, and calls attention to the fact that the Allies are daily receiving arms and ammunition from the United States.

Irrespective of the formal aspects of the question of shipping arms to the belligerents, the Note urges that the spirit of neutrality should be observed.—Reuter.

The Washington State Department has, says Reuter, invited merchants and importers to submit to the British Embassy proofs of goods purchased in Germany and now in transit or awaiting shipment which were paid for before March 1.

LADY PAGET-STREET—SERBIA.

In recognition of Lady Paget's services to Serbian wounded and typhus victims the City of Uskub has decided, says Reuter, to rename one of its finest streets "Lady Paget-street."

BAFFLING MYSTERY OF MAGGIE NALLY.

Fresh Clues to Murder at Railway Station.

SOLDIER'S "CONFESSION."

Detectives Take Samples of Tinned Meat from Shop.

Fresh clues discovered yesterday clear the way to the solution of the mystery of the death of Maggie Nally, the pretty Paddington child who was found gagged and strangled, after having been grossly maltreated, in the woman's cloakroom at Aldersgate-street Station.

The murder—one of the most brutal on record, is proving at the same time one of the most baffling mysteries of the past quarter of a century.

The soldier who confessed the murder to the police at Dover has been handed over to his regiment, the Buffs. His name is E. McGann, and the City and Dover police have satisfied themselves, it is stated, that he could not have been in London last Sunday night at the time the murder was committed.

The new clues from the point of view of the detectives are of the most important description. Had the murderer lured the child away in the streets by gifts of fruit or edibles of any sort?

Dr. Spilsbury, at the inquest, said the medical examination showed that the little girl had eaten some kind of meat, the skin of which was found with short black hairs attached.

PROBLEM OF A MEAL.

He was not then certain whether figs had been partaken of, he said, in answer to a pointed question by the coroner. The question was put on the ground that a motor-omnibus conductor had seen a soldier and a child on the night of the murder going in the direction of the station.

The conductor himself had given the child a dried fig to eat. The soldier was, he said, very drunk, and on leaving the omnibus went in the direction of a wheel stall.

Mussels, it is recalled by one of the criminological experts investigating the crime, have a film of "skin with short black hairs attached."

Canned meat is another food which might come under this category, and a clue in this direction was followed by the police yesterday.

They visited the shop of Mr. Wallace in Burne-street, which is almost opposite Edgeware-road Metropolitan Station. The shop is perhaps the only one open on Sunday night in that neighbourhood.

The meat he was selling then was potted head or brawn, but he could not remember the individual purchasers.

The police took away samples of the brawn, which will be forwarded to Dr. Spilsbury, the pathologist, who is making a further analysis of the contents of the girl's stomach in order to ascertain the constituents of the food which Maggie Nally ate shortly before the tragedy.

RECONSTRUCTING THE HAT CLUE.

Mrs. F. Walker, the wife of the proprietor of the shop, said she was serving from seven o'clock in the evening till midnight. "I have tried to recollect the customers I served," she added, "but I can't remember selling anything to a soldier, or to a little girl like Maggie Nally on that night."

"Of course, we do have soldiers in, and the shop is generally full of children, because we sell sweets, but I can't recollect selling the meat. I wish I could."

Superintendent Ottaway, of the City Police, who is conducting the investigations, was still hopeful yesterday that some evidence might yet be brought forward concerning the missing hat of the child.

Of the greatest importance is the suggestion that the police should be communicated with at once if a hat resembling one the girl was wearing when last seen should be found.

The hat was of dark blue felt, turned up at the edge, and trimmed with yellow buds and green leaves. It had an elastic band to go under the chin.

At the present time the London police are engaged in unravelling four murder mysteries—the Islington tragedy, the murder of a woman in Hyde Park, the Kennington murder, where another woman was the victim, and the Aldersgate case.

SEARCH FOR LOST BOY.

A golden-haired boy of twelve is missing in London, and so far his mother has searched for him in vain.

His mother, Mrs. Eliza Smith, of 28, Kensal-road, Paddington, applied to the Marylebone magistrate yesterday for assistance in tracing her son, whose Christian name is James.

She explained that on Thursday afternoon they both attended St. Mary's Hospital for treatment.

She was called in to see the doctor and left the boy in the waiting-room among a number of other patients. When she came out he had disappeared.

Being referred to the Press, she gave the following description of the boy:—

Medium build, about 4ft. 2in. in height, plump face, with a pink patch on each cheek and a red scar over the right eyebrow; very fair complexion, straight golden hair; wearing corduroy trousers, with patches at the knees, grey striped waistcoat, blue serge coat, frayed at the sleeves, light blue neckerchief, with dark blue squares, brown cap, leather leggings and lace-up boots.

DRAMATIC STORIES OF LAW AND POLICE.

URGING POOR TO BET.

Almshouse Inmate of 86 and "Electric Tipster."

How an almshouse inmate aged eighty-six received letters giving him advice as to betting was told at the Hackney Coroner's Court yesterday.

The letters were found in the possession of Vincent Challoner, an inmate of St. John's Almshouses, Hackney, who was discovered dead in bed.

"What do the letters 'E. T.' mean?" asked Dr. Wynn Westcott, the coroner.

The jury were unable to enlighten the coroner, who thereupon remarked: "Some of you are betting men, aren't you?"

The jurymen smiled. Eventually the coroner was informed that the mystic letters meant "Electric Tipster."

Dr. Westcott further informed the jury that several letters addressed to Challoner had reference to betting. One ran:—

"I am writing to you because I have something to tell you—something very important. (Laughter.) I have it beat authority that Cheerful will win on Saturday." (Renewed laughter.)

"Another gentleman writes," continued the coroner, "It is my confident conviction that Roseberry is going to win." Again the Court laughed.

A woman inmate of the almshouses said that she had known the old man for twelve years. Asked if she had ever heard him say if he had won, she replied that he had never said so.

Pursuing another document, the coroner quoted the words: "How to secure a regular income."

Once again the jury were amused, and the coroner inquired of the witness if she knew how much Challoner had lived on.

She replied that he had 7s. a week and free rooms. She believed a man at Liverpool sent him something as well.

Death was due to heart failure, accelerated by senile decay, and a verdict accordingly was returned.

"MAD IN THE MORNING."

Separation for Wife Who was Cruelly Beaten by Her Husband.

"More brutality it is almost impossible to conceive," observed Mr. Paul Taylor, at Marylebone, in passing sentence of nine weeks' imprisonment on an infirm old man named Frederick Mower, aged sixty-nine, of Paddington, for an aggravated assault on his wife.

Mower described himself as a law clerk, and was at one time an official at the Marylebone County Court.

His wife, who is sixty-six years of age, had a terribly disfigured face, and complained that she went in constant fear of her life. Her husband, she said, asked for his breakfast, but she could find neither tea nor sugar. That annoyed him, and he beat her about the face with a stick, breaking the skin on her nose and giving her two black eyes.

"He is always mad of a morning," she said, "and when he drinks it seems to pass over his brain like a cloud and deranges his mind."

The wife was granted a separation order.

£500 SAID TO BE MISSING.

That she had admitted falsifying pay-sheets for two years and that she had given a man £1 and 30s. weekly was stated at Old-street Police Court yesterday, when Annie Whitehead, a clerk, was committed for trial, charged with stealing moneys belonging to her employers. Albert Brown was also committed for trial on a similar charge.

It was stated that the girl had falsified the pay-sheets which she had to pass each week. In nine months there had been defalcations of £500.

TO-DAY'S NEWS ITEMS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

£2 for Early Trip.

For sailing before sunrise the skippers of eighteen Cockenzie motor fishing smacks were fined £2 at Haddington Sheriff Court yesterday.

Dearer Horseshoes.

The price of horseshoeing has been raised by the farriers of Chertsey, Surrey, owing to increased cost of material.

Spring on the Wing.

The first swallows this season were seen yesterday in the neighbourhood of Northenden and Cheadle, near Manchester.

City of Sobriety.

There were only seven cases at Birmingham Police Court yesterday, and not one of drunkenness. The city has a population of over 800,000.

No German Joy Day.

A private message from Berlin to Copenhagen states that May Day celebrations have been prohibited by the police, and German workers will be busy as usual.

The Queen's Order for Toys.

The Three Arts Women's Employment Fund has been commanded by the Queen to submit specimens of their soft toys, and her Majesty placed an order with the fund.

AUSTRIAN FINED £100.

Negatives of Liverpool Docks in Locked Box.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

SHEFFIELD, Saturday.

A fine of £100 or six months' hard labour was imposed by the Sheffield magistrates to-day on Julius Wurscher, a young foreign correspondent, and a son of a Viennese iron and steel merchant, who was charged under the Aliens Restriction Order with having a camera and photographic apparatus in his possession.

When he was arrested sixty-eight undeveloped negatives and a large number of photographs were found in a locked box in his bedroom. These included views of Liverpool Docks.

A diary was found on the prisoner, containing a list of places to be taken, including Sheffield's big works, the university, the Midland Station and the United Football Stand. On the way to the cells the prisoner said: "I hope they do not think I am a spy."

Prisoner said he came to Sheffield in 1913, with letters of introduction to Messrs. Darwin and Milner, by whom he was employed.

His intention was to return to his own country after the war and he wished to take the photographs with him as mementoes of his visit.

BROTHER'S INGRATITUDE.

Sister Robbed While She Was at Relative's Funeral.

"A particularly mean theft," said Mr. Montagu Sharpe at the Middlesex Sessions yesterday when a man named John Kenealy, described as a dyer, seventy-three years of age, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for stealing a silver cup of the value of £4, the property of his sister, Mrs. Julia Neil.

Mr. Montagu Sharpe said prisoner had been living with his sister and had paid nothing for his board. Then he was given notice and took advantage of the sister's absence from home in order to pay her last respect to a dead relative and broke into the house and stole her property.

MYSTERY OF SHOT WIFE.

Young Earmaid Again Remanded in the Islington Tragedy.

The mysterious Islington tragedy which has been occupying the attention of both the police and coroners' courts again came on yesterday at North London Police Court.

Marie Lanter, otherwise Alice Mary Wheatley, the young barmaid, was brought up on remand, charged with the murder of Mrs. Annie Wootton, wife of Lieutenant Wootton, of the Bedfordshire Regiment, who was found dead in her house at Rotherfield-street, Islington. At first it was supposed that she had fallen down stairs and broken her neck, but later a bullet wound was discovered.

It was stated that next Tuesday the Public Prosecutor would be prepared to proceed with the case, and Mr. Hedderwick pointed out that the inquest was not yet concluded and that it would be very inconvenient for two inquiries to be going on at the same time.

SUNDAY LETTER THEFTS.

Complaints are still being received by the police of robberies from letter-boxes in the City on Sunday afternoons, and considerable inconvenience has been occasioned by the non-receipt of orders and remittances.

At the Guildhall yesterday three boys named John Campbell, Walter Brady and John Kennedy were remanded upon a charge of stealing a number of letters from boxes at warehouses in Watling-street, Old Change and Cannon-street.

DRUGS AND WHISKY AS WOMAN'S RUIN.

Bottle of Spirit a Day Besides Veronal.

'UNGOVERNABLE TEMPER.'

A woman drug-taker and secret drinker stood in the dock at Westminster Police Court yesterday.

The fact that she was a married woman and that she had been living apart from her husband emphasised the tragedy of the case—drink, drugs and separation from husband. Her name was Louisa McCandless, and she gave an address at Sutherland-avenue, Paddington. She was charged with thefts at Harrod's Stores.

When a blouse, a boy's suit and a handbag were found in her muff she said: "Take me somewhere quietly." Though she had not paid for the goods, she had £4 15s. 6d. in her purse. It was pleaded on her behalf that the fact that her husband left her four years ago, and that she had suffered heavy financial losses, had preyed on her mind.

These facts were also related of her:—

She often drank a bottle of whisky a day.

Spirit bottles were found under her bed.

She had taken large quantities of both veronal and alcohol.

Her sensibilities were dulled.

She had no proper perception of right and wrong.

Was subject to fits of ungovernable temper.

Was clearly irresponsible.

Mr. Horace Smith ordered her detention for a year in an inebriates' home, to be followed by probation reports to Mr. Barnett, the court missionary, for a further twelve months.

HARSH TO HER LOVER.

Girl Takes Blame When Man Is Charged with Attempting His Life.

"I had a bit of a row with my young lady, and I took some laudanum in some lemonade. I am used to taking it for neuralgia, and knew it would have no effect upon me."

Thus spoke Sidney Holmwood, of Lambeth, who was charged at Tower Bridge Court yesterday with attempting to commit suicide.

Elizabeth Davis, the young woman referred to, said she quarrelled with Holmwood earlier in the day. She met him in the evening and was harsh with him, and he asked her to have a drink for the last time. She replied, "If it will be the last I'll have it," and they went into the White Horse public-house, Cornwall road.

He had a lemonade and took it into the passage. Just afterwards a small bottle labelled "Poison" rolled from the passage to her feet.

Mrs. Mowle, the young woman's sister, said she saw Holmwood drink the lemonade, which was discoloured. The prisoner had had several "last drinks" with his sweetheart.

Mr. Gill said he thought Holmwood merely intended to frighten his sweetheart, and he accordingly discharged him.

PUZZLE OF STOUTNESS.

How Did 16-Stone Engine-Driver Fall Through 13-inch Gangway?

What the Coroner (Mr. Ingleby Oddie) described as a puzzling and difficult case was investigated at Westminster yesterday.

The inquest concerned the death of a London and South-Western engine-driver named William Digweed, of Guildford, who, while driving a train to Waterloo, disappeared from the engine.

He was a very stout man, weighing 16st., and it was stated that the entrance to the gangway of the engine was only 13in. at the top and 15in. at the bottom. He was found standing in the 4ft. way in a very dazed condition, and could give no account of what had happened.

Medical evidence showed that Digweed was liable to fainting fits owing to heart disease, and the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

AIR SERVICE MAN FINED.

For negligent driving Vincent Nicholl, of the Royal Naval Air Service, was fined £12, including costs, at Croydon yesterday. He was on his way to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had to report himself the next day, and he collided with a horse and cart. A friend who was with him was seriously injured.

CHANGELETS COMPETITION No. 3

Our third Changelets competition has resulted as follows:—

First prize of £100 awarded to Mr. T. O. Jones, 22, Syren-street, Kirkdale, Liverpool. Phrase: German Official. Changelet: Constructors lack Foundation.

Second prize of £50 awarded to Mr. J. S. Noble, 208, Union-grove, Aberdeen. Phrase: On Sunday. Changelet: Youngster's compulsory Service.

Third prize of £10 awarded to Mr. A. Lamberton, 34, McKerrill-road, High-street, Peckham, S.E. Phrase: Practice makes perfect. Changelet: Except weather Forecasting.

Pressure on space prevents us from publishing the names and addresses of the winners of minor cash prizes. These awards will, however, be posted immediately, and a list of the winners may be seen on application at the office of the *Sunday Pictorial*, 23-25, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.

NO IRON CROSS FOR RED CROSS NURSE.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Orders That Were Disobeyed.

HANS' BREAD AND BEER.

The most startling announcement in the German newspapers during the past week appears in a modest little paragraph in the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

It is to the effect that by the Kaiser's express desire no Iron Crosses are to be awarded to women.

It is clear that German women have all the luck.

It appears, however, that four volunteer Red Cross nurses have already been given the Iron Cross on the recommendations of various influential commanders. The four women are the Countess zu Töring Jettenbach, Frau Frieda Gessert, Elfriede Scheerhaus and Frau Herta von Versen.

In the circumstances the Kaiser has announced that, although these crosses have been handed over against his announced desires (*Willenbestimmung*), he will allow these four women to keep them as mementoes, but they are to be worn as brooches and not as medals.

No other woman is to be given an Iron Cross. Thrice lucky women!

AMAZING RASCALS.

Strange Type of German To Be Seen in Brussels.

There are Germans and Germans—and most of them are unpleasant. This at least is the opinion of most Englishmen who have had to come in contact with them. It is, however, an opinion shared by other Germans.

In an interesting page article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on "Brussels of To-day" strong complaints are made of the exceptionally unpleasant Germans infesting Brussels.

"Amazing rascals," writes the correspondent, "address me in my mother tongue; fearsome people who crawled into rat-holes at the beginning of the war, and who, now that the German Army is in occupation, are parading about in the open as if in revenge for their years of deserved obscurity."

"They come up to decent people whispering in their ear offering to 'give up spies and traitors,' and it is a relief to give them the price of a glass of beer to get rid of them."

No wonder the Belgians cut the German "conqueror" when in their company.

SOLDIERS' DEER-HOMES.

German soldiers and marines stationed in Belgian towns have been complaining for some time that they "cannot get on" with Belgian beer.

It is not to their taste, and the paternal Government has now instituted a series of soldier "homes" or clubs in all the occupied towns. For example, in the Ostend home a large hotel in the main road has been annexed, and the main dining-room has been decorated with pictures of the Kaiser, Crown Prince, a tableau of the war of 1870, and, of course, the inevitable picture of "our Hindenburg."

A big stock of dark and light lager beer has been brought in from Germany and typical German dishes, such as "beefsteak and fried egg" or "hot sausages and horseradish," are on sale day and night. Quite a home from home.

THREE MONTHS' FOOD.

German Economist's Pessimistic View of His Country's Supplies.

Although many think that the Germans are not really short of food and are only shamming in order to appeal to neutrals, the German Press is still full of woe.

The question of food shortage is easily the one most discussed, everybody joining in with suggestions and warnings.

A very interesting article appears in the *Vossische Zeitung* from the pen of Dr. Kuczynski, head of the Schöneberg statistical department and a very well-known economist.

After careful inquiry Dr. Kuczynski comes to the conclusion that Germany's potato supply will peter out at the end of May or the beginning of June.

On December 1, 1914, Germany had:—

2,000,000 calves under three months

1,000,000 bulls and oxen

11,000,000 cows

6,000,000 calves six months to two years

with a total dead weight of 4,000,000 tons.

The average yearly consumption in Germany is 1,250,000 tons, but, of course, if the cows are sacrificed there will be no milk.

OXEN TO DO HORSES' WORK.

Furthermore, the oxen are needed now in the country to do the work of horses, so that they cannot possibly be spared for food purposes.

So far as swine are concerned the situation is much more serious. Germany possessed on December 1 12,000,000 pigs under six months old and 5,000,000 over that age—a total dead weight of 500,000 tons, while the yearly consumption is 2,250,000 tons, so that if every pig were killed to-day the meat would only last three months.

The professor is very pessimistic about the outlook, and his only suggestion is to economise on meat and still more on potatoes until the next potato harvest is in hand.

DISMISSED WOMAN SEXTON'S TRIUMPH AT THE POLL.



The rector.



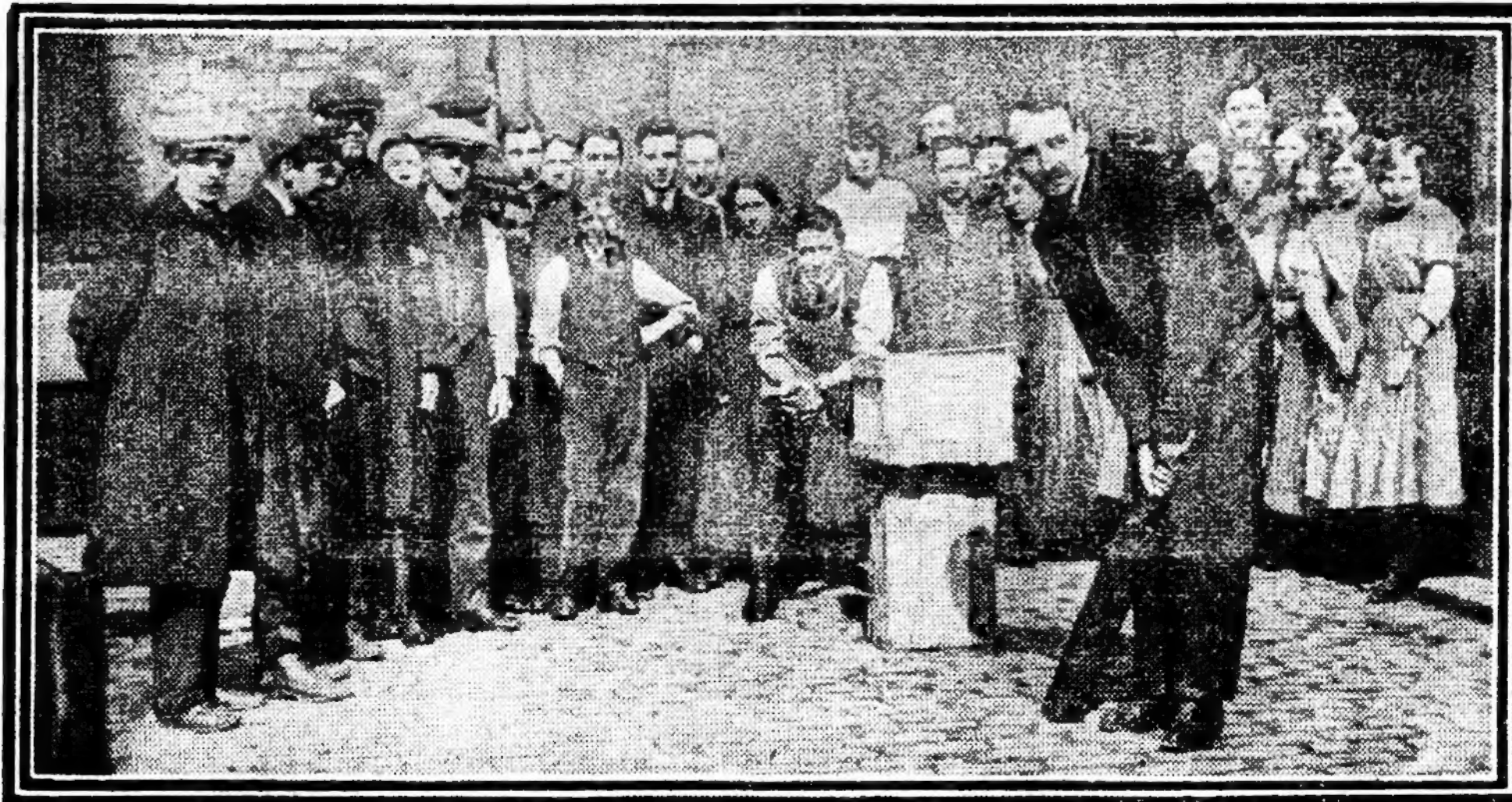
Miss Hill.



Mr. Holland.

Crowland, the little Lincolnshire village, forgot all about the war last week, the question of the Abbey sexton pushing it completely into the background. Miss Hill, whose family has held the post for generations, was dismissed by the rector, the Rev. S. C. Calver, who appointed Mr. Holland in her place. So the villagers held a poll, and Miss Hill secured 266 votes to 149.

FAMOUS SURREY CRICKETERS MAKE WAR MUNITIONS.



A scratch game of cricket in the dinner hour. Smith bats before an admiring crowd.



Smith makes ammunition pouches—



—and his friend Strudwick stamps out the sections.

"Razor" Smith and Strudwick, the famous Surrey cricketers, have replaced their white flannels by overalls and aprons. They have volunteered to help in the manufacture of war munitions, and work daily at the establishment of Messrs. Stuart, Surridge and Co. in the Borough High-street, S.E.

IN THE NEWS.



Corporal J. R. Bird receives the Distinguished Conduct Medal for obtaining valuable information.



Bishop Moorhouse, late of Manchester, who has died. He was the first occupant of the See of Melbourne.



Private G. Fenner, another D.C.M. He attended to the wounded under fire in the north of France.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

APRIL 11, 1915.

Folly in Petticoats.

ALL Englishmen must earnestly hope that the eighty-one ladies who have announced their intention to attend the Women's Peace Conference at The Hague will listen to the disapproving words of Mrs. Pankhurst—who thinks as a mother. "It is unthinkable," she said, "that Englishwomen should meet German women to discuss terms of peace while the husbands, sons and brothers of those women are the men who are murdering our men on the seas and who have committed the awful horrors of the war in Belgium and elsewhere."

Indeed, it is unthinkable. The Frenchwomen have firmly declined to attend. And they are right. This is not the time to talk of peace or think of peace. The ladies who would sit with German women for purposes of theoretical discussion show a strange want of imagination and of public decency, and a ridiculous sense of unreality.

Mrs. Pankhurst sees this clearly enough. To be noted is the number of unmarried or childless women among the eighty-one, and the fact is significant. For the most part, these ladies are well-known theorists, ideologues, actuated, no doubt, by the best motives. But to-day the need is of common-sense. At The Hague they would find a predominant German interest. Nor is there the smallest doubt that the Germans would use the occasion for their own ends and purposes.

While Englishmen are dying by the thousands for home and country, while sailors and fishermen are being murdered on the seas, while the manhood of Britain is fitting itself to meet the foe on the field, this is no time for the philandering of petticoat sentimentalists. Mrs. Pankhurst has expressed her public disapproval of her unmarried daughter's intention to be present. It is the act of a true citizen, of a mother who deserves well of the State.

In common decency to Britain, in justice to themselves, may these well-intentioned but misguided ladies reconsider the position. For our women to shake the hands of Germans on the eve of the great attack is a mockery to the soldiers and sailors who guard them.

"Nothing to Report."

WHEN the Press Bureau announces that Sir John French has "nothing to report" it does not follow that the Army is idle. Those who picture our soldiers resting, reading, or playing football in these intervals while the enemy tranquilly studies Nietzsche, Kant, or Hegel, have little knowledge of the reality. When there is "nothing to report" it means that the strain persists, that numerous struggles are taking place with individuals as arbiters instead of companies or battalions, and that there is lesser instead of greater friction. In this form of warfare the British soldier is pre-eminent. The disciplining and training he undergoes in the field of sport sharpen his understanding and enlarge his self-reliance. Quick decisions have to be formed and action promptly taken. In these isolated activities, to which Sir John French refers, "our troops continue to show marked superiority." We have no doubt they will assert that superiority to greater advantage when the grand advance begins.

THE BRAVE END.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

—W. COLLINS.

"MAN WANTED"—FOR THE EMPIRE

SENTIMENTALISTS MUST HAVE NO VOICE IN PEACE CONDITIONS.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY (Editor of "John Bull.")

This article is one of a brilliant series which Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the talented editor of "John Bull," is contributing to the "Sunday Pictorial." Next week Mr. Bottomley will deal with another question of outstanding importance.

"GOD, how rare MEN are!" Napoleon is reputed to have exclaimed—and "Man Wanted" is at last the cry of the Government. That is the first sign of the coming change—the substitution of Business for Bunkum—of Work for Talk. In short, we are witnessing, amongst other things in these eventful days, the birth of the Business Government—that string upon which I have been harping for the past seven years, and which, in the opinion of many, has become with me something of an obsession. Perhaps it is. But it is always a consolation to a lunatic to know that his madness is shared by others; and no longer can I claim any monopoly in either the phrase or the



Mr. H. Bottomley.

system which it connotes. Indeed, it is rapidly becoming a commonplace of everyday politics.

Upon some other occasion I may have the opportunity of enlarging upon the text. To-day I am concerned with only one aspect of it—summed up in that hackneyed, but eloquent, phrase, "Man Wanted." Everyone is more or less familiar with "upon cards and bills exhibited outside factories and workshops, but not till to-day has the notice been put up at Whitehall; and its appearance marks, as I say, a new era in the life of the nation. "What we require," says Mr. Lloyd George, "is a good Business man, to take charge of the new arrangements in connection with the war," and everyone says "Hear, hear."

True, it is only an ordinary Business man who is at present asked for; but in politics, as in other spheres of life, one thing rapidly leads to another. And it may be that before the war is over, some outstanding Individuality will emerge, and that in the great phrase which has come down to us through the ages, we shall welcome him with shouts of joy, exclaiming, "Ecce Homo!" Every day we live convinces us more and more of the need of that commanding Personality. It is a long time since we had one in Britain. Prior to the war, we had fallen upon an era of Commonplace. The same remark applies to the whole of Europe. And that is why the war came about. Life, after all, is a very serious thing; the world requires careful

handling if the process of human evolution is to go on without interruption; and there was no one strong enough to avert the present catastrophe.

Thrown back upon the resources of our primeval savagery, the world will soon have to make a fresh start, and that nation will best survive which first produces a Leader, capable of re-casting into ordered shape the broken and confused emblems of civilisation and Good Government. He is sure to arrive. The Hour never yet failed to produce the Man. But the Hour was badly needed—and now it has come. No doubt the Kaiser thinks he is the Man. I do not.

And what will the Man do when he is discovered? Or, rather, what *won't* he do? At the head of the Army he will instal a soldier—with a subordinate, and not a Chief, to represent him in Parliament; at the head of the Navy, a Sailor; at the Exchequer, a Financier; at the Board of Trade, a great Commercial Expert—and it will be a *real* Board, composed of representatives of both Capital and Labour, meeting regularly to discuss the industrial affairs of the Empire, and who, when confronted with any special problem, will not trouble to ascertain what Cobden, or Adam Smith, or John Stuart Mill said about it, but will tackle it, then and there, in the light of Business common sense. He will divide the Government of the Empire into proper, scientifically arranged, Departments, with an expert chief at each—someone who knows the work of the department, by practical experience, and will not have to rely upon the subordinate officials for guidance and advice. He will abolish the present absurd system of "education," and will have children, after learning "the three R's," taught something likely to be useful to them in the struggle of life, adapting the curriculum to the special circumstances of the district. But I am getting on to that text of Business Government—which must have a sermon all to itself.

Let us, for the moment, confine ourselves to the contemplation of the Man in relation to the tragic events of the day. I think everyone will now agree that if, a few years ago, there had been amongst us more Men and fewer jellyfish, this war would never have occurred. Instead of fussing about the Kaiser as if he were a tin deity, praying and beseeching him to agree with us on a mutual reduction of armaments, and all the rest of it, we should have told him in plain Anglo-Saxon that we regarded his ever-increasing truculent navy

as a menace to our empire and should have given him twenty-four hours' notice to stop shipbuilding, or take the risk of having his fleet blown heavens high and fathoms deep. But the hour had not struck—and so the Man had not come.

Suddenly there appeared on the horizon a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Denser and wider it grew, and as it developed before our view the legions of the Kaiser were seen on the march. Then the hour struck, and just as to-day in regard to the supply of the munitions of war the nation has suddenly called for a Man, so in that hour it looked for one to organise our fighting forces and save us from destruction. Instinctively the nation knew him, and the politicians knew him. His name had been dinned into their ears for a long time previously, but they had not heard it. Thereupon, however, they called him to their councils, but the shock of his demands was too great. The powers that be wanted to tie him up with red tape; he insisted upon a free hand—and so they almost let him go. And it was not until he was stepping aboard the boat which was to take him to Egypt that they pulled him back and asked him to undertake the job.

That was the birth of the Man idea. The Business man, for the command of the industrial mobilisation, was the next step. And soon we shall want another. When the time comes to discuss the terms of peace, there will be no room for slobberers of the type of the pedagogue of Eton. Nor are we going to have a settlement made by the Archbishop of York or the Bishop of London. "If we are going to act as a Christian nation," bleat these invertebrates, "we must apply the principles of Christianity." Well, the Man who makes peace for our Empire and for the civilised world is going to apply the principles of Christianity right enough. He is going to teach the Germans that they must be good for the next hundred years at least; that it is wicked to make unprovoked war on peaceful peoples; that the Devil is no sort of company for a pious monarch like the Kaiser, whose only chance of salvation is in future to cultivate a humble and a contrite heart. He will give us Peace with Honour and not with Ridicule; Peace with Business and not with Bunkum; Peace with Glory and not with Shame—in other words, he will be a Man.

Isn't it wonderful, when you come to think of it, how few Men there have been in the world? You remember old Diogenes in his tub. "What are you looking for?" cried the wondering folk as they passed by. "A Man," said he (and here, incidentally, let me correct the popular impression that his reply was "An honest Man." Every Man is of necessity honest—otherwise he would not be a Man). And ever since that eccentric old philosopher sat under the sun of Sicilia with a farthing dip for his delight, the search has been going on.

How many Men are there amongst those at present earning their living at £400 a year by the sweat of their jaw? Take your lighted candle and search for them. I fear you will fail in your quest, but that there is one somewhere about in the world is beyond doubt. I cannot believe that in this supreme crisis of our fate we shall fail to discover him, and when he is found we shall at last realise the aspiration of Tennyson, when he wrote:—

Ah, God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I?
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule, and dare not lie.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

TRUE GREATNESS.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.—Bronte.



Soldiers need bread, and it has to be taken to the front somehow. Here is a "camel corps" with a cargo of bread going from the rear to the firing line in the Caucasus.

FRENCH SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART. ARE WAR MARRIAGES WISE?

HOW THE WOMEN OF THE REPUBLIC ARE HELPING TO WIN THE WAR.

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Mr. John N. Raphael has a more intimate knowledge of French life and French ways than any other living English journalist. His style may be either pertinent or impertinent. But he is never dull. By birth an Englishman, he is by habit a Frenchman. Both countries like his work.

IT was Sunday afternoon, and I was all alone in the flat, when somebody tapped at the back door. "O—oh!" said a startled voice out of the darkness (the back stairs in French houses are disgraceful) "I thought the *bonne* was there. I wanted to borrow a pair of sharp scissors." She was a pretty girl (the maid to the architect's wife on the floor below), and she had called, with her hair down, on her friend, who "maids" for us. "What do you want the scissors for?"



Mr. J. N. Raphael.

I asked her. "You are not going to cut off all your hair, I hope." "I am going to cut off some of it, monsieur," she dimpled; "a good big piece of it, for my sweetheart. He is in the Argonne."

Our own servant came in just then, and I was allowed to see the operation. It was pretty red hair, and the two girls made a charming picture as it was curled and tied into a pale blue ribbon. Then a letter was pinned to it, and it was dispatched with due ceremony. "He will like it much better than something useful," said the girl. "I sent him an Easter egg of chocolate with fried potatoes in it yesterday. He adores fried potatoes, my Juliet."

THE GIRLS THEY LEFT BEHIND.

The authorities realised when the war began that this was no time for any finicking distinctions. It was decided that the Government would pay a small sum daily for the support of the girls whom France's breadwinners had left behind them.

The wives of men at the front in France are receiving, therefore, their daily dole of a shilling (and in some cases a little more), and there is an additional allowance of fivepence a day for each child. When it is remembered that the French soldier is paid a halfpenny a day by a grateful country, the need for this extra help for their womenkind is obvious. But the sweethearts and the mothers have been remembered as well as the wives in France, and this is wholly admirable. It has all been done so simply. It is no secret that unless some method had been found for relieving it there would have been an immense amount of distress among unmarried women in France when the men went to the war. It was realised that the knowledge of such distress would be fatal to the morale of the troops, and in the simplest possible manner it was decided to recognise informal marriage all over the country. What was done was that each soldier was allowed to call on the mayor of his district and to sign a declaration stating that Madame or Mademoiselle X depended on him in peace time. This was considered sufficient (with a declaration from Madame or Mademoiselle X that she needed help) for her to be allotted exactly the same sum as if she were married. In this way provision was made for the sweethearts and mothers as well as for the wives, and the system has worked perfectly.

HIS "SECOND MOTHER."

In France, where everybody has somebody fighting the Germans, there are very few "lonely soldiers." There were, of course, some of them. There were men who had no friends to write to them. But one or two French papers noticed what the English papers were doing, and there are thousands of women and girls all over France now who are corresponding with a lonely "poilu," whose personal acquaintance they hope to make one day. I have seen some of the letters written and received, and there is no better proof of the inherent poetry of the French than they contain. I

know one girl who is in correspondence with a stretcher-bearer outside Verdun. He is a widower with one small girl child. He doesn't know where the child is. He left her (she is six years old) in charge of the wife of a comrade in Lille, when he went to the front. He has heard nothing since the first week in September, when the baby scrawled a kiss at the end of a short note to tell him that all was well with her then. The poor man has found great consolation in the letters from his own unknown friend, whom he "considers as a second mother," he writes. He will be surprised when he returns to find she is twenty years old and an extremely pretty society girl. She, on her side, has kept up the mother fiction, because she thinks he would feel shy of asking a girl for such necessities as insect powder, and other comforts which he needs where he is.

But the most beautiful thing about the French soldier's sweetheart is her pluck. All over Paris, and in every big town in France, shops, restaurants and premises of all kinds have been transformed into soup kitchens and sewing bees. From the very outset the Frenchwoman has understood that in these days of national travail false shame and self-consciousness are crimes. The women know that there is no shame in needing help, and even less in any kind of work; the women who can give help are doing so in a way which not only does not pauperise the recipient, but which makes the giver and the recipient friends.

Poverty there is, of course, but there is none of the ghastly misery one might expect or fear in a country where every man who can fight is either doing so or learning to do so. The women of France—the mothers, the wives and the sweethearts and daughters of the soldiers—have proved once again that they are the country's backbone. This ghastly war has taught the whole world charity, and nowhere in the world has the lesson been learned more beautifully than in the towns and villages of France.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

LOVE BORN OF SACRIFICE THE SUREST PATH TO HAPPINESS.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Max Pemberton first won the affections of the reading public by writing exciting fiction with an imaginative vigour that rivalled Robert Louis Stevenson. Recently he has turned his thoughts largely to the consideration of social problems, and in this sphere of mental activity he has won for himself a new public.

"HOW silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night," says Shakespeare in an incomparable moment of his most poetic achievement. But there be those who say that we are having too much of this kind of music in rural Britain to-day. In meadow and lane and orchard, the lovers' lyre is freely thumbed. We enter the streets of towns and discover a very multitude of eyes looking "love to eyes which look again."

Of marriage, however, we do not hear so frequently, nor does it seem a topic dear to the hearts of parsons if we are to judge them by their public utterances. Loquent they are when telling us to love the scissins who burned ourvain and ravished the women there, but of sweet amours by the countryside and their often grave consequences they say little.

The pity of it! Surely this is a moment of all others when the keepers of the people's conscience should take those old puppets, Mars and Cupid, and dress them anew in the fashions of the twentieth century! Britain will want sons badly in the years before us. She is still, and very properly, conventional enough to desire them to be born in lawful wedlock rather than in concubinage, and yet her religious leaders are silent, or if they are not silent are often merely futile.

For the rest of us and for those who are the fathers of daughters this is a grave matter, and should be heard of in the forum. Everywhere soldiers are making love to girls. The national excitement, the terrible stories of outrage and rape, the just pride of the King's coat, the free-

dom of opportunity are all leading to amours which often border upon the hysterical. The men themselves are often insensible to their opportunities merely because they are not reminded of them. We hear old-fashioned people declare it to be most unwise that girls should be rushed into marriage in such a season of stress and turbulence. "They will bitterly regret it when the war is over" is the cry.

Why should they? Is it nothing that a young girl should begin her married life with a noble and very real admiration for the man she has chosen? Is it nothing that he should be willing to lay down his life for his country, that the very terms of his service imply his readiness to do so? Shall we accuse her for honouring the King's coat, we who seek to offer its wearers our homage upon all possible occasions? Are we to suppose that love born of this admiration, of this sense of peril and self-sacrifice that it is a lesser thing than the amours bred of a counting house or the monotony of a clerk's employment? Surely the contention is impossible. These young fellows have borne witness to their patriotism, to their sense of national responsibility, to their love of fatherland. What finer credentials could they bring?

READY TO SACRIFICE HERSELF.

"Each soldier's name shall shine untarnished on the rolls of fame," says David Humphreys—and the thought might well be a woman's at such an hour as this. Let us never forget that she is as ready to sacrifice herself as a man, and that if she marries her lover to-day to lose him to-morrow her name must stand with his in the immortal record. For some of us there is no more ennobling thought than that of the child-wife caught to a man's heart upon the threshold of the valley of death and there held in that moment of ecstasy which never shall be forgotten. Here are sacrifice and faith and love abounding and an abandonment, each to the other, which is the very soul of marriage. How could two that have known such moments fail to recall them when the piping times of peace return? What better equipment could they seek for the lean years which may follow after?

NO WEARY COURTSHIP.

"But," says our objector, "there has been no proper courtship. He has not come, night after night, to sit in the chimney corner: we have heard nothing of a bulldog, of an angry father putting on the clock, or a doting mother promising to go and live with her?" Our answer is that we may be thankful there has not. Juliet at her window knows better than to set store by such weary months of amorous exasperation.

"O, gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully; Or, if thou thinkst I am too quickly won, I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay. So thou wilt woo: but else, not for the world."

She will not frown or say him nay, this maiden on the arm of the good fellow, who goes so soon to the maelstrom out yonder. He is brave, she has said, and he is a man. She knows that, amidst all he must endure and suffer, her love will be as a beacon upon a high hill of his hopes, that her voice will be a sweetness of the night to call him to a newer conception of faith and duty—that in his dreams he will see her face and sleep with her arms about him. For God and King and a woman's love. There is no better battle cry—and it is whispered often in the secret places of war to-day.

THE FIRST CLAIM.

Truly we must wish God-speed to such as these, and care little for the merely material aspects. A man is rich or poor to-day, according as he can or cannot do something for his country. We should despise, and rightly despise, the father who said—"I cannot let my daughter marry a soldier who will be poor when the war is over." Such an one is no patriot, a mere sordid schemer, who has no place in the national scheme. These young fellows, who are making the great sacrifice now, will not suffer in the long run. It may even be that the harvest of war will be rich in those very opportunities which the commercially minded look to—and if it be, the men who have fought and won through for us surely will have the first claim. The need is of the moment—the necessity for woman's surrender and man's sacrifice, for mutual faith—for the love which passeth understanding. That war brings it into being, fosters and nourishes it, none can deny. Let us then face the facts squarely—and facing them be grateful in the nation's interest that such things should be.

MAX PEMBERTON.



Mr. M. Pemberton.

SOLUTION OF THE DRINK PROBLEM.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

By AUSTIN HARRISON (Editor of the "English Review.")

IF I were asked to illustrate the exact difference between the German and British civilisations, or attitudes towards life, I would call attention to the good shepherd. Shepherds, and drovers, differ, as we know. The good shepherd walks in front of his flock, setting, as it were, the example; the other shepherd walks behind, driving his sheep before him with crack of whip and much gesture and vociferation—which latter is the Prussian (German) way of ingeminating Kultur.

But in Britain we don't drive or crack whips, nor do we kindle music, as the goose-girls of German lore. We have certain standards; we expect men to live up to them, and when they don't, or the circumstances are untoward, we just stalk on ahead, trusting to the good sense and fellowship of the flock to follow in our steps, and this we call the English way and almost it passes understanding.

This is the good shepherd. Now and then he whistles, waits, looks round, calls to his dogs, but he never loses his temper, he believes in himself and his kind. His discipline is suggested rather than applied. Somehow the flock believe in him too. They agree to agree. Yet we never think of the shepherd as a business man with any notion of system or control. It is a compromise and the ruling spirit is example.

So with drink, that drink question which has vexed our statesmanship for years. To-day it is no longer a social evil, a question of ethics. Like all other things, it has become a military concern, the problem not only of statesmanship but of military necessity.

As usual, the good shepherd sets the example—the King first, Lord Kitchener himself, who, more than any man in these islands, must feel the need of a little helpful wine, and other Lords follow, business houses, artists, men of patriotism generally—shepherds all stalking on in front for their conscience. Truly a magni-

ficent spectacle. The question is: Will the shepherd this time suffice?

I fear we need the rod of Kultur, or State system, when it comes to drink. What is quite certain is that something has to be done. Liquor cannot be allowed to protract and jeopardise the decisions necessary to end the war. However much in times of peace we electionise, philosophise and think in beer, neither ale nor whisky will help us to thrash the Germans. I hope, however, we shan't go crazy about this drink matter—I mean sentimentally crazy with the idea of not getting any. All the same, I think Mr. Lloyd George must take a firm decision, and whatever decision he takes it is the national duty to support him.

It seems to me he has a unique chance. Our public-houses, as drinking places, are by common assent the most unlovely in all Europe. Nothing more sordid exists than these bars where men shuffle up and stand to get a drink. They are unsocial and unsociable. I never enter one without feeling an intense pity for the unfortunate working people who have to frequent them—have to, because in this horrible cold-damp climate men need warmth in their stomachs and the public-houses alone provide it.

Mr. Lloyd George's opportunity is this: To reform the public-houses, to make the drink question a real social reform. In a word, to have at the canker which corrodes our life.

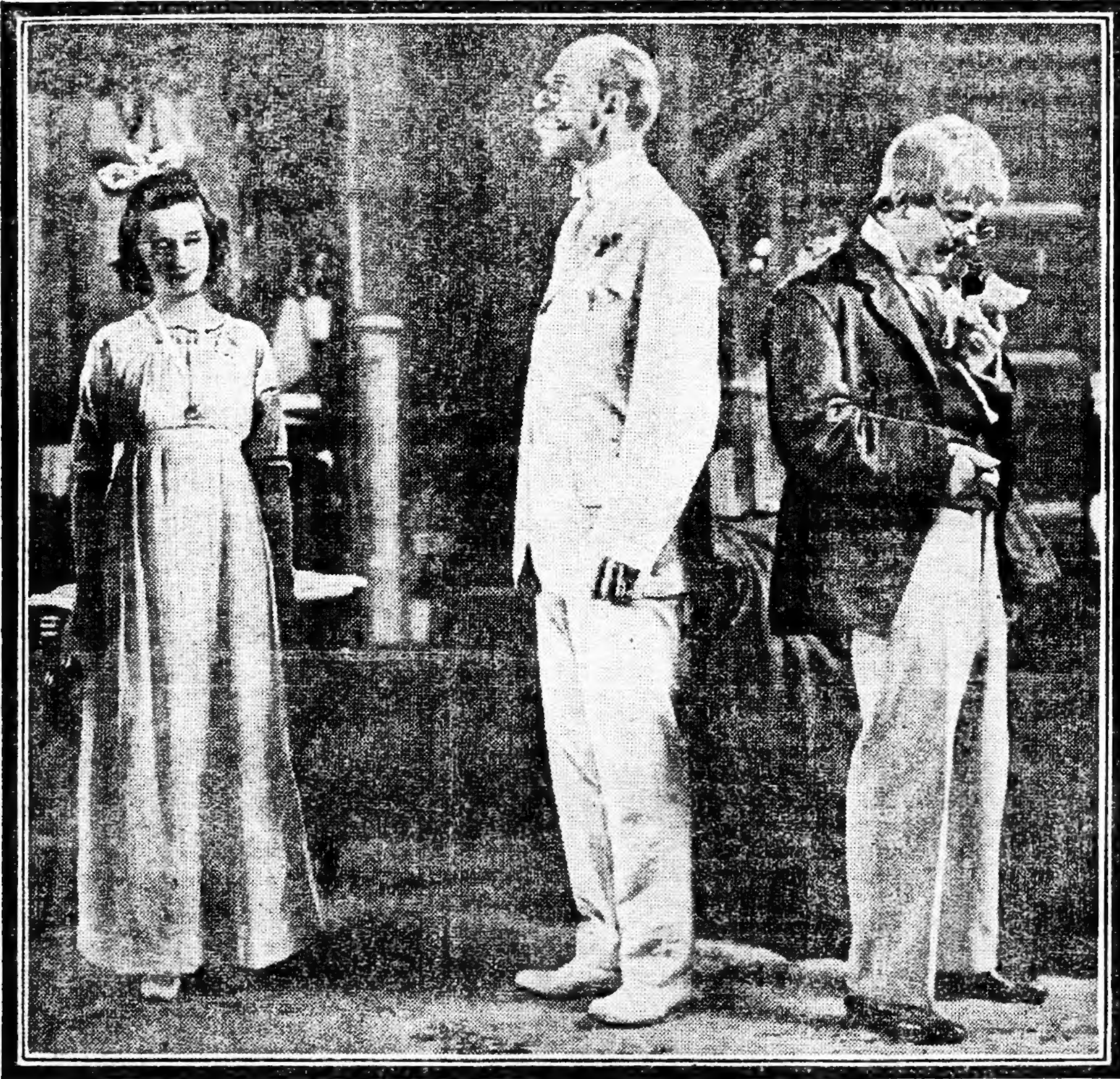
The Chancellor is a brave man. Over the public-houses he can build for himself a pyramid of glory. He must act. Good, let him go to work, like a wise surgeon and cut deep. The question of compensation will cheerfully be borne by the nation. We are paying for everything, electrifying country houses for prisoners, why not pay for national decency at the same time? Give the workmen a clean, rational drinking-house, on the lines of the continental café. Let him find tables, chairs, a sense of homeliness, a sense of self-respect, a place where he can take his family and sit over the table like a father and a citizen, and sobriety will take care of itself for all the Scotch, gin or ale that were ever brewed. That is the need. That is the British workman's crying want. It is here, at the roots of Britain, that Mr. Lloyd George can play the good shepherd.

Continued on page 11.



Mr. A. Harrison.

"THREE SPOONFULS": ROARING FARCE PRODUCED IN LONDON LAST NIGHT.

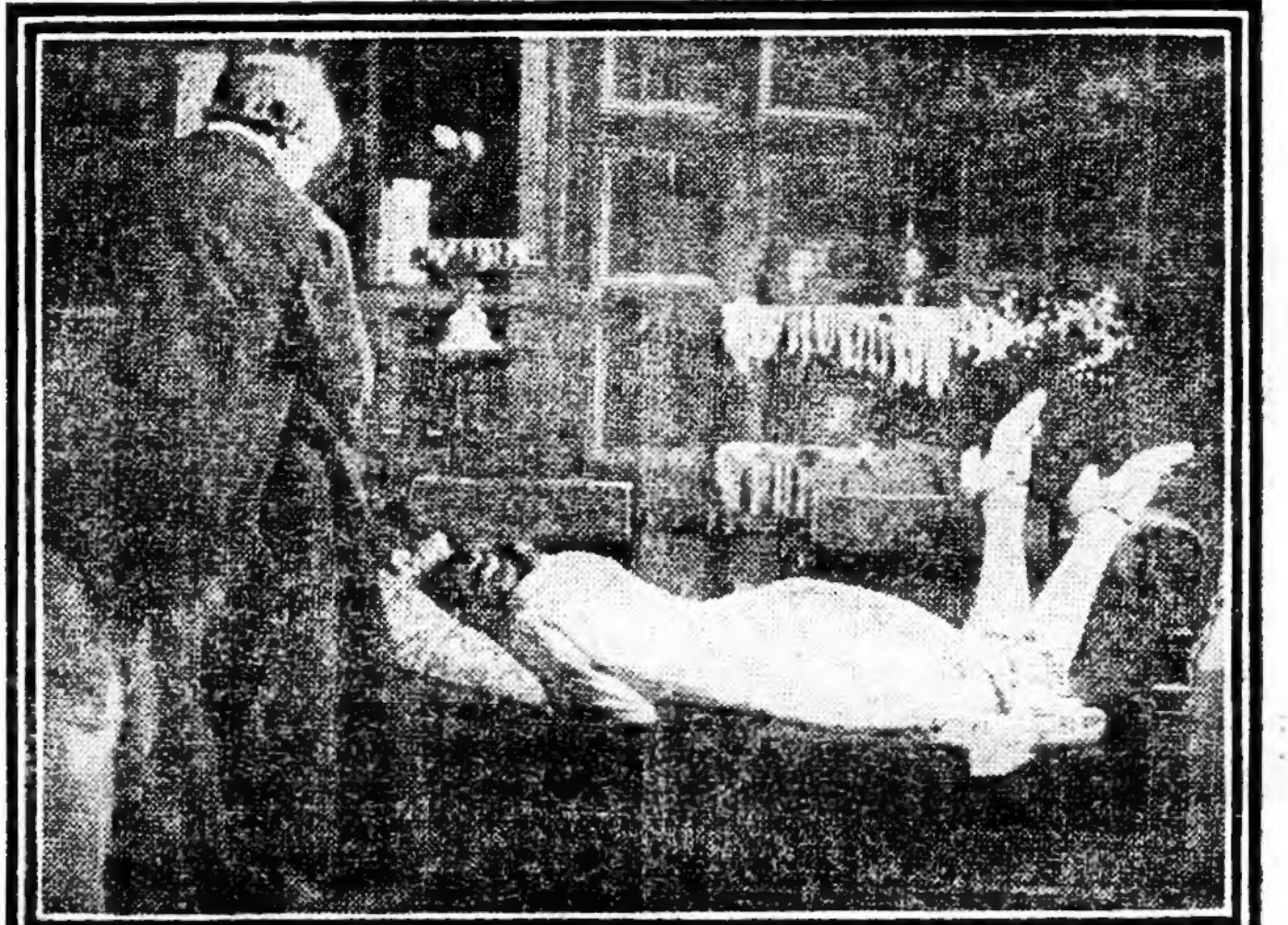


Sylvia with her elderly husband, the general. The doctor has the elixir ready for him to take, and is delighted. His chance to prove its value has come at last.

Last night an American farce, entitled "Three Spoonfuls," was produced at the Criterion Theatre. Dr. Relyea (Mr. Zillah Covington, who is part author) has discovered an elixir of life after a quarter of a century's hard work. But his researches have brought



The doctor finds a baby, and thinks the general has taken an overdose of the elixir by mistake.



"Take that man away." At first Sylvia did not want to marry the general, as she loved someone else.

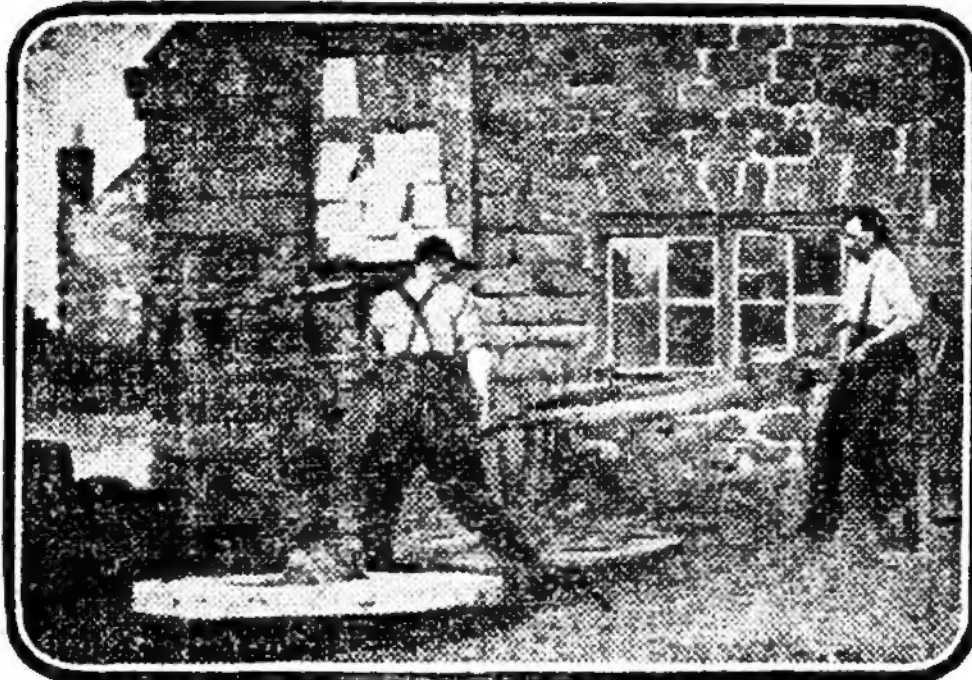
him to the verge of bankruptcy, so he offers the hand of his daughter Sylvia (Miss Rose Wilber) to General Burbeck (Mr. Robert Robson) on condition that he (the general) allows himself to be experimented upon.

AT THE FRONT, IN THE FRONT.



The arrival of the *Sunday Pictorial* is eagerly looked forward to by the men in the trenches. It is "at the front" in more senses than one.

TYRING WORK: MAKING WHEELS FOR THE ARMY.



How the men carry a red hot tyre.



The tyre is put on when red hot.



The machine used to shape the tyre.

The Army needs countless wheels, and the war has therefore given the industry a great fillip. The wheels are made for the most part in small villages, and these pictures were taken in Yorkshire. The men have to work day and night, but have the advantage of being in the open air.

NUTS : AND : WINE

GOSSIP FOR THE AFTER-DINNER HOUR

The Wanderer.

Von der Goltz, who seems to spend his time careering wildly about between Berlin, Vienna and Constantinople, might well be called Wander Goltz.

An Interpreter.

I hear that the Prince of Wales is proving most invaluable as an interpreter at the front. His knowledge of French and German is very sound, and there are few officers who are so fluent in both.

Primroses.

This is the ideal weather for gathering primroses. The bridegroom's friends are all unanimously of opinion that Lady Augusta has secured the very pick of the bunch.

The Wedding.

We have all heard enough and to spare about the Primrose wedding by now. There was nothing really astounding about the event.



Lady Clonmell.

My personal impressions are short and sweet. I was pleased to see Lord Rosebery looking younger than for some time past. I thought Lady Clonmell one of the prettiest women present, and I was surprised to find that Lord Lonsdale could not smoke a cigar in church.

The Royal Drink.

Well, the Royal Household has taken definitely to lemonade now as the national beverage, and the first guest who has enjoyed the honour of tasting the new drink in the Palace has been Lord Rosebery. At any rate, the closing down of the royal cellars shows a noble example of sacrifice, for they contain some of the most precious vintages in the world.

Supervising.

You may be sure that the home-made lemonade in Buckingham Palace is the very best. The Queen has a knowledge of good and simple cooking that is shared to-day by few women in less exalted positions. When the royal children were in the nursery she used always to superintend the preparation of their food. It was the Queen who placed a ban upon such delightful, if unprofitable, drinks of childhood as ginger-beer mixed with strawberry ice.

Mr. Mayfair's Advice.

Take a man's name, his money and his measure—but if you are a woman, be careful how you take his word.

Peer or Player.

I saw Lord Ribblesdale and Mr. H. R. Irving in court last week listening with great interest to the "brides in the bath" case. Lord Ribblesdale is often described as our most picturesque peer, and deserves the description. I have known the times when he has been taken for an actor. On one occasion two very humble and ragged members of a music-hall sketch troupe saw Lord Ribblesdale approaching in the Strand. "Ere's one of the profession," said one, amiably. "What's his line, I wonder?" "Well, it's either conjuring or Shakespeare," remarked the other, with the conviction of knowledge in these matters.

A Neat Explanation.

Mr. Irving is, of course, one of our foremost criminologists. I once asked him if he could explain the joy of criminology. He replied: "I suppose it is simply the joy of investigation, the fascination of extracting a needle of truth out of a haystack of circumstances."

The World's Way.

The average man climbs to success, while his wife holds the ladder. If he gets there she is likely to be left behind. If he takes a tumble she is there to take the blame.

A Brief Reply.

The tragic death of A. E. Stoddart takes my mind back to those brave days of old in the world of cricket when Mr. W. G. Grace and the great Middlesex batsman invariably used to open the innings for the Gentlemen in the big match at Lord's against the Players. It was in those days that a certain young man now in the House of Lords wrote to Stoddart from Eton and asked how he could be taught to become a first-class cricketer. "Heaven only knows, I don't!" was Stoddart's brief reply.



Whiskers.

Do you remember my little joke about Sir Edward Clarke having the courage of his whiskers? Well, I passed Sir Edward in Piccadilly the other day, and who should be coming the other way but Mr. Frank Richardson, the enemy of all whiskers and whiskered men. I was quite nervous for a moment, but they did not seem to see each other. And even if they had neither is quite the sort of man who likes to fight in the street. Mr. Richardson is wearing spectacles in these days.

Being Good.

I told you something last week about a very little girl friend of mine who says quaint things. Since then she has been a naughty girl, and was put into the corner until she could be good. "It's all right now, mother," she said, presently; "whenever I want to, I won't."

Ciro's Night.

I must correct a little slip in reference to my mention last week of the opening of *Ciro's*. The club will not open on the 11th, but on the 18th, and the proceeds of the opening night will be devoted to the King Albert Fund.

Futurists All.

When it comes to love-making, most men are perfect cubists in their ability to dab on the high colour without meaning anything.

Just Looking.

A man can never understand how "just looking" at a pretty spring hat in a shop window gives a woman the same thrill as he gets by "just looking" at a pretty girl.

Spilt by Success.

So Jack Johnson has tasted defeat at last, and once again the boxing champion of the world is a white man. Johnson, as a matter of fact, was not a bad specimen of the negro race until he became utterly spoilt and demoralised by success. When he first came over here Johnson had plenty of wit and good humour.

Jack Johnson's Two Rings.

I asked him once why he wore an emerald ring on his right hand and a ruby coloured one on his left. "Sure," he said, "my right hand's for my friends and the green light shows safety. But I keep my left for my enemies. So I keep a red light there for danger—and a dig."

Gertie the Subaltern.

It was a dark night and the young sergeant had dined! (These were his excuses, afterwards.) "See that little girl in the long coat standing on the prom," he said to his friend. "Well, watch me pick her up." Then he went over with a smiling, "Hullo, Gertie, dear." "Gertie" turned swiftly while the horror-stricken N.C.O. saluted, apologised and fled. For the little girl was his platoon commander!

In the Family.

The Hon. Christian Methuen, of whom a portrait appears on this page, is the elder daughter



The Hon. Christian Methuen.

of Lord Methuen. His house, Corsham Court, has been given up as a hospital for the wounded. The Hon. Christian Methuen is at present training to be a nurse at King's College Hospital. Love of country is in the family.



The Embarrassment.

I hear of a strange little contretemps—it is for you to say whether it is tragic or humorous—that occurred in a country district this week. An officer, who had been living apart from his wife for some time, and who had only received his commission since the outbreak of war, was billeted, with one or two more of his colleagues, at a pleasant house. When the hostess put in an appearance he found that it was his wife.

"F. J. C."

Fleet-street loses a familiar figure in the death of F. J. Cox. He was a poet, a journalist, an essayist and a novelist. He was, too, one of the most lovable of men, and the readiest hand at an impromptu rhyme I have ever met in my life. When he published his first novel, "A Stranger Within the Gates," he gave me a copy, and I asked him to write something in it. Without a moment's hesitation he took the book and wrote upon the blank page facing the cover:—

There are tales of woe and danger,
Tales of crime and crimson sin;
This is but the "little stranger"—
Won't you, brother, take him in!

At Ranelagh.

Ranelagh, many people will be glad to hear, will be open again as usual this summer. But it will not be quite the same in appearance. As it will not be required, one of the polo grounds has been sacrificed, and a tennis court reigns in its stead. The band this year, it should be specially noted, will be an all-British one.

A New Portrait.

I am showing you this week a new portrait of Viscountess Curzon. Her husband is at the present moment serving his country as the third in command on the Queen Elizabeth, the big ship that has been making "Aunt Sallies" of the Turks in the Dardanelles.



Lady Curzon.

Miss Sylvia has always been as strongly self-willed as her mother. She has always been anxious to do things "on her own." I wonder what her friends in the East End think of the latest adventure.

What a Prospect.

Little Nelly found a little brother in the house one day. At first she was pleased, until an awful thought struck her. "Oh, Mamma," she exclaimed, "won't it be dreadful if, when baby grows up, he turns out to be a German?"

An Occasional Pause.

Mable: And when you threatened to scream for your mother, did he stop kissing you?
Sable: Yes, once or twice.

Precious Tones.

The law has formally awarded a lady a string of pearls, worth £100, which she found on the top of an old horse omnibus eleven years ago. I told the misogynist conductor of a motor omnibus about this, and from his ruby lips (interspersed with garnet words) came the stony complaint, "The only precious thing I ever see on the top of my omnibus is a pack of jades."

The Little Boats.

If ever you want some fresh air and a little light amusement, go to the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and have a look at the miniature yacht racing. I found myself there yesterday afternoon, and saw some capital and exciting racing. The wind made it a rare day for pace, and some of the yachts travelled like arrows.

Balkan Bulgarity.

And so all this shindy on the Serbian frontier has been caused by a wandering squad of Bulgarian boys. All I can say is, Serbian right.

A Tense Question.

A weekly contemporary has been angrily attacking "The Cant About Drink"; but what really matters is the Don't.

The Graceful Cut.

The other afternoon at Romano's Miss Iris Hoey cut her finger. There was a desperate rush on the part of the staff towards the scene of the disaster, but Miss Hoey was her own first aid. A little bit of sticking plaster and all was well again. "I have never seen a woman cut her finger so gracefully before in all my life," said a friend to me. I almost thought he was going to ask her to do it again.

Lost in Thought.

As we do not saunter in Fleet-street as they did in the days of Dr. Johnson, it was with some surprise that I encountered Henry Savage, the poet, standing deep in thought yesterday hard by Ludgate-circus. "I was thinking," he said, when I awakened him, "how much greater the war is than the war poetry. Do you know, there has been nothing really great since Thomas Hardy's 'The Souls of the Slain,' written, I believe, some sixteen years ago?" Agreeing with him that the poem in question was one of the greatest in our language, we passed on to the subject of the "Gypsy," the new quarterly.

The "Gypsy."

"I am really more busy than you may imagine," said its reflective editor, "not so much in arranging the work of our contributors, but in answering shoals of inquiries. By the way, a feature of the first number of the 'Gypsy' will be some unpublished correspondence of Middleton. As interesting a correspondent, I think, as Stevenson. And that name reminds me that Stevenson's friend, Edmund Gosse, himself a fine poet and master of prose, is contributing. No, I shan't tell you any more names. My chief concern is with the younger men at present unknown."



Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Expensive.

Germans are grumbling that the price of bread will prevent them having a holiday this year. It would probably be a dear "loaf."

Baron "Jimmy" Comes a Cropper.

I hear that Baron Jimmy Rothschild, who has been interpreting and dispatch riding for the French Military Mission, attached to the British Headquarters Staff at the front, is now in hospital in Paris. He has been very daring lately in his motor-car dashes through dangerous zones, and had the misfortune to be injured in a smash-up during one of these.

Missed Wedding.

But for this accident the Baron would probably have been present at the wedding the other day of Mr. Neil Primrose, his cousin. For the two are very great friends, and when in London are always about together. Lord Dalmeny, another of his cousins, is often with them, too. "Jimmy" is very popular in society and City circles, and is as well known in Paris as in London.

A Boer in the Scots Guards!

I heard yesterday a story of a Boer who fought against us all through the Boer War now serving in the ranks of the Scots Guards, stationed at the White City. Rather rich that, eh?

A Loyal Family.

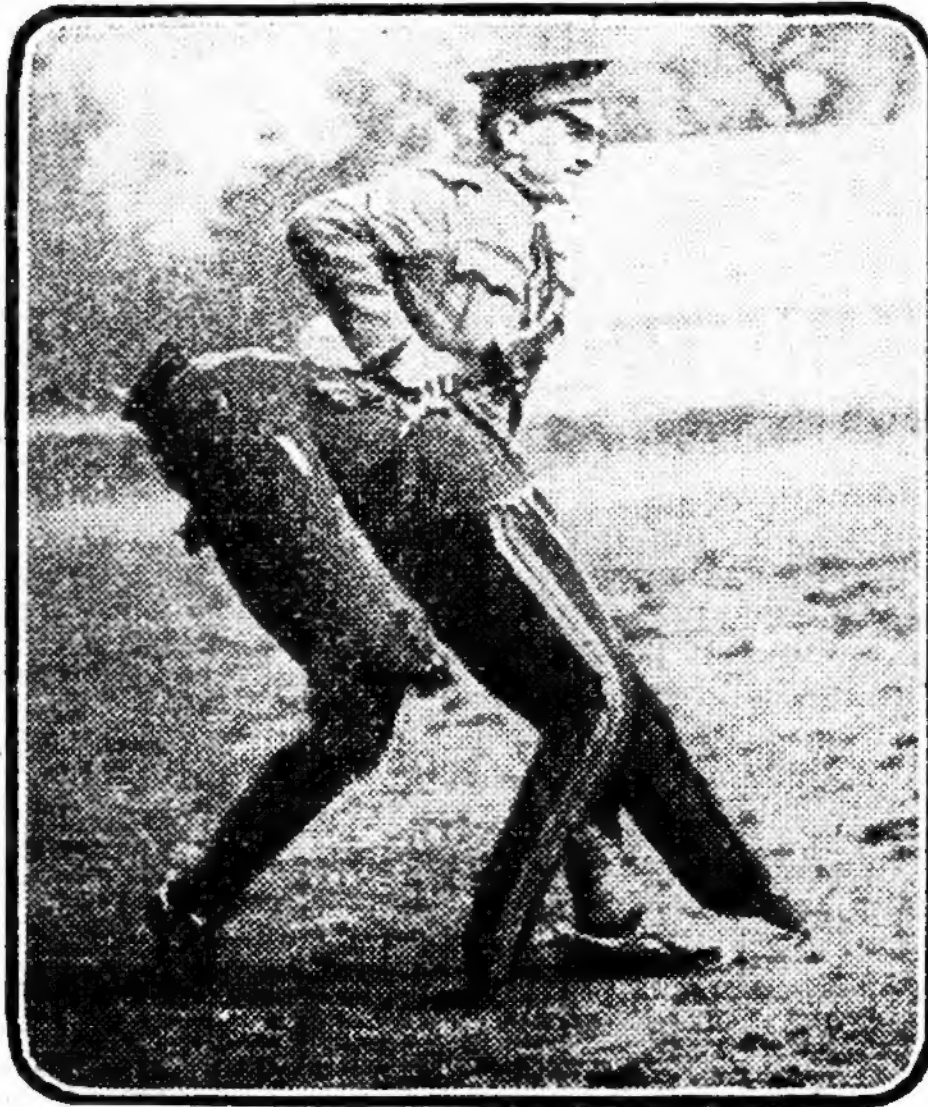
It seems that this man's loyalty to the British flag is now so strong that he actually travelled all the way from Argentina—a thirty days' voyage—and paid his own fare so that he could join the British Army here. And I am told, too, that two of his brothers living in German East Africa were murdered by the Germans for refusing to fight for them.

American Messages.

Germany's few red-letter days just now seem to be written on U.S.A. Notes.

MR. MAYFAIR.

BRIGADE COMPETITIONS AT RANELAGH CAMP YESTERDAY.



Photographs taken at the 2nd London Mounted Brigade's competition at Ranelagh camp yesterday. They show the Victoria Cross race, in which competitors had to carry a dummy, and the sectional led horses race, in which fine horsemanship was displayed.

MAKING PERISCOPES.



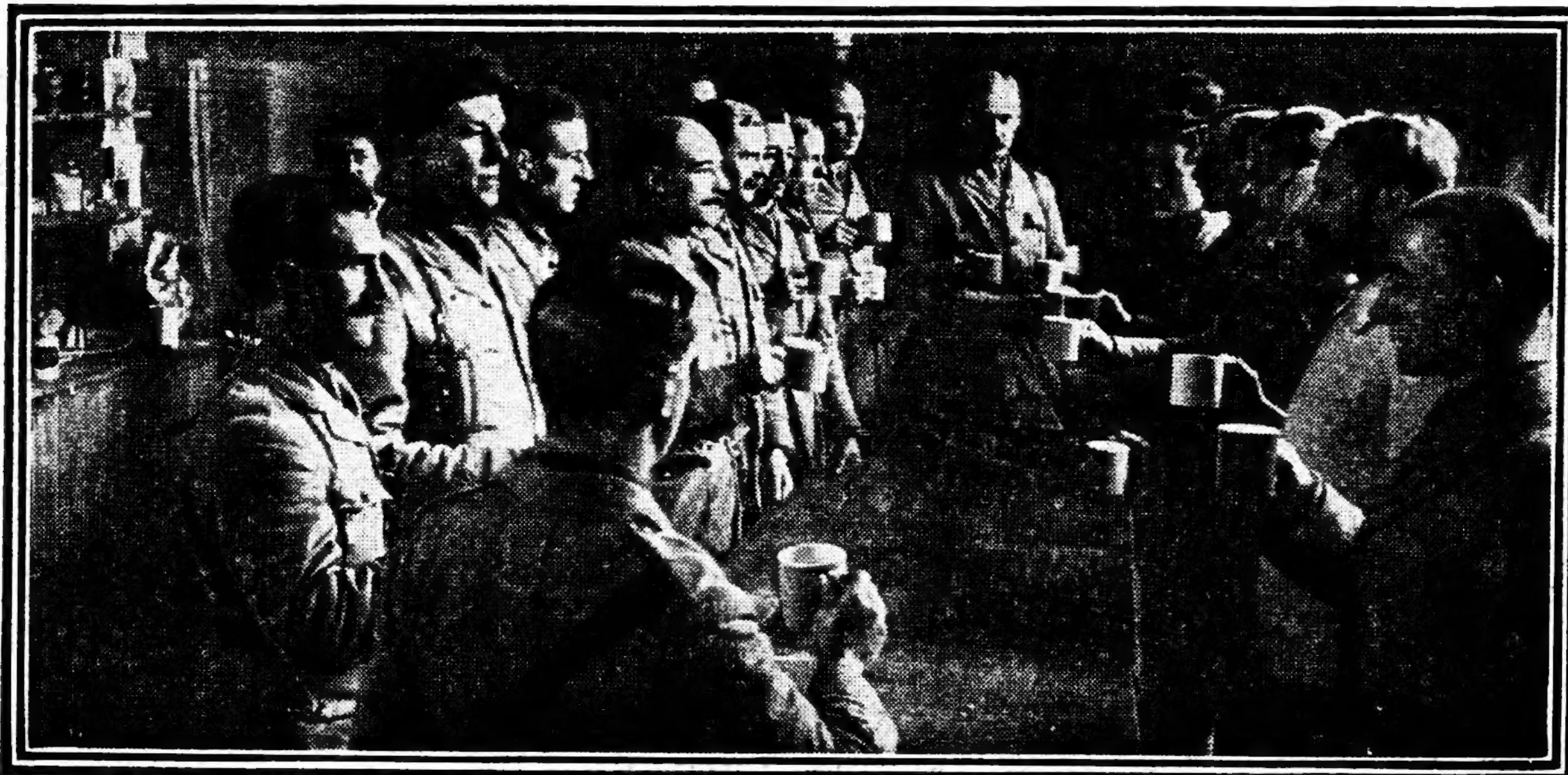
Dewsbury postman who makes periscopes out of old tea chests and broken mirrors for his friends at the front.

ONE-LEGGED BRIDEGROOM AT IPSWICH.



Bandsman H. G. Wythe (Leicester Regiment) and his bride (Miss N. Bennett), leaving Trinity Church, Ipswich. The bridegroom lost his leg at Armentieres.

"GENTLEMEN, THE KING!": OFFICERS DRINK THE TOAST IN TEA.



The King's example has been very largely followed in the Army, and no alcohol until after the war is the rule in many an officers' mess. This picture shows the officers of the United Arts Rifles toasting his Majesty's name in tea. —(Horace W. Nicholls.)

GROWS HAIR OR MONEY BACK

Novel offer of leading chemists.

The remarkable improvement in the hair that has so frequently and invariably been reported following the use of a simple hair remedy composed of 1 oz. Lavona de Composee, 4 dram Menthol Crystals and 3 oz. Bay Rum, has caused such widespread interest and comment that many chemists now keep it put up complete and ready for use under the name of Lavona Hair Tonic. Its uniform success in destroying dandruff, stopping falling hair, promoting hair growth, and making thin, dry, brittle hair thick, soft, glossy and luxuriant, has been so astonishing that the manufacturers of Lavona Hair Tonic, in order to show their unlimited confidence in its merits, have arranged with all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylors Drug Co., Timothy White, Lewis and Burrows, etc., and other leading chemists everywhere, to sell it under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back, signed by the chemist from whom you purchase it. No claim is made that Lavona Hair Tonic is any better than that which any chemist can prepare from the above formula, but if you wish to convince yourself of its truly remarkable merits without risking the loss of a penny, go to the nearest branch of any of the above, or to any other good chemist to-day and ask for a bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic, "The kind they guarantee."

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LAVONA LIQUID SHAMPOO, which contains 5 per cent. of Lavona de Composee, thus promoting hair growth as well as cleansing the scalp. Price 1s. 6d. everywhere. —(Advt.)

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Why be content with 4 per cent.? Make your money earn more. Buy an Annuity from the "Sun Life of Canada"—the leading Annuity Office, with £12,800,000 Government supervised assets.

To the man of 55, the "Sun Life of Canada" offers the equivalent of a guaranteed 8½ per cent. investment. If his health be impaired the terms are more generous still. A man of 61 would be offered the income equivalent of a 10 per cent. investment, if 72 of nearly 15 per cent., and so on.

And with this greater income is the definite guarantee of its payment for life. No deduction whatever.

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Send to-day for full particulars to J. F. Junkin (Manager), Sun Life of Canada, 103, Canada House, Norfolk St., London, W.C. —(Advt.)

GREY HAIR

NO DYES. TEST IT FREE.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY. A well known Chemist has discovered a treatment which is prepared according to the best scientific principles, and is an absolutely safe, guaranteed hair-colour renewer. Even your closest relative or friend will not know you are using this wonderful preparation if you merely keep the bottle out of sight. The effect is natural; the hair gradually becomes its natural shade until the true colour of youthful days is attained. Then the shade remains so; it doesn't vary. It keeps the same year after year. To prove the worth of this excellent preparation, a trial treatment, together with a tablet of Lind's celebrated non-alkaline soap for prevention of greyness, will be sent absolutely free, in private parcel, on receipt of two pence for postage.—P. H. N. D., Ltd., English Chemists, 358, Clyde House, 489a, Oxford-st., London, W.

Happy Evenings at Home.

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THE PASSING PAGEANT

A Few Remarks on Current Topics. By Candide.

AFTER A FINE and fairly dry Easter this has been a wet week. In fact, we have almost forgotten the war in discussing the great question—to drink or not to drink. The war, which has done so much towards shaking up all the accepted notions of the world, looks like making a cut at the national vocabulary. We must teach ourselves to forget the significant and familiar phrase: "What are you going to have?"

Herbert Campbell's old tag, "Have a cup of tea?" used in jest when the burly one forgotten with inimitable Dan Leno; is to be the language of the hour. As a nation we are going to be teetotal.

REALLY, if old "General" Booth, the man who founded our second army, were alive to-day, his keen eyes would glisten and he would pluck at his silver beard with pleasure. He would just have doted over the sight of Europe turning from its great war to conduct a fierce assault on King Alcohol. As a matter of fact, King Alcohol has had the biggest and worst advertisement of his life this last week or two. Since Easter he seems to have been attracting more attention than the war.

I could not help smiling the other day when I turned to the daily paper. Of the war on Germany the French bulletin said, laconically: "There is nothing to report since the communiqué of yesterday evening." A whole day's news of the doings of the armies on the western front was crammed into eleven bald words. And to the war on King Alcohol the same newspaper gave a leader, a column article and three columns of news.

POOR OLD King Alcohol. I don't suppose to-day he feels like calling for his pipe, for his glass, or even for his fiddlers three. A fiddle would put him in much the same position as Nero. One feels a bit sorry for the venerable Bacchanalian, so suddenly smitten hip and thigh even by some of the people he used to call his own. With all his faults he has been with us a long time, and we have become used to his constant presence even if we have mistrusted him. Now he is as groggy on his perch as the German Emperor is upon the throne of Prussia.

King Alcohol to-day might join the classic little boy and with him mutter with exceeding bitterness: "No one loves me. I'll go into the garden and eat worms." With the King and Lord Kitchener against him, to say nothing of Lloyd George, politicians, bishops, employers and labour leaders, King Alcohol must be wondering gloomily whether the much spirit as he thought there was in him when he has watched over with such a meagre success.

A FEATURE of the present national campaign has always been common in every temperance movement I have watched at work—the insistent display of the worst of the evil examples available. Any attack on the apparently genial monarch of the cellars has always been supported by dreadful illustrations of the evils for which he is secretly responsible.

I am prepared to warrant that in his life Prince Bismarck, of whom we have heard a great deal lately, never expected in his centenary year to be used as an awful example on a British temperance platform, for the purpose of sobering the tight little island people and making them fit to break down the Prussia he took so many pains to build up. Time plays that sort of ironic trick, and the papers to-day are recalling how Bismarck in his hey-day dipped his back into the lager beer mug much too often. "English politics have suffered since statesmen have no longer strong heads for wine; they are too cautious and never make a bold stroke," he complained bitterly. The words have taken on a new significance with the passage of time.

Presumably, Bismarck's policy came out of a head "strong for wine." Now we triumphantly use him as an evil example. Bismarck's policy, the working of a brain strong for wine, has resulted in turning the Germany of his dreams mad drunk and setting her rolling to ruin. On the other hand, the sober statecraft of which the Chancellor complained is leading to startling British successes in war.

AS IF to help the great temperance movement, another remarkable thing happened this week. Without anyone knowing the fight was on, Jack Johnson was knocked out by a cowboy, and by permitting this to happen he has allowed himself to be made the most useful evil example of the week. King Alcohol has been unlucky all along the line lately, and has been buffeted and beaten from the most unexpected quarters. Still, I thought the black terror of the "White Hopes" would have stuck by the old man.

Poor Johnson! I fancy the wassail period is now over for him for ever. Once again he illustrates the old saying that youth will be perverted. The lustre of his golden smile is dimmed, and I think as a result of his fall he

will find the supply of fast motor-cars, diamonds, champagne and capons, so dear to his heart, wearing much the same "short" aspect as the bread supply in Germany.

STILL HARPING on the subject of the week, it is passing strange that the King and Lord Kitchener should be leading the country to sobriety so that it may wage war with the aspiring Uhlán over the possession of the Champagne country. Apart from the wonder of the spectacle, there is much humour in the idea of England giving up its whisky, France its absinthe, and Russia its vodka for the purpose of keeping Germany from the possession of Champagne.

THE ODD THING about the attack on King Alcohol is the extent and variety of the kicks that are arriving his way, now he is fighting a losing battle with his back to the wall. They are all on his track, from the King to "Constant Reader." The other day came Dr. Saleeby to place a scientific punch on the poor old gentleman's point, now that we have him fighting desperately and leaving his vulnerable points uncovered. Quoth Dr. Saleeby this week: "There is a dearth of doctors at home. Let us abandon alcohol and we shall need far fewer doctors. There is a dearth of shells," continued the scientist in his happiest vein, but he did not add: "Let us abandon alcohol and we shall need far fewer shells." No, he went on to say that if we call the art of bending the elbow a lost one we shall make far more shells. There is no logic in it, anyway. Abandon alcohol and we immediately reduce doctors and curtail the danger from one form of death-dealer only to yield up our greater activity for

the purpose of increasing the output of another. A mad world this, barely made possible by a timely revision of one of our most ancient japes.

WHILE I REMEMBER, I may as well mention the German submarines have sunk more ships and Germans are still explaining why their habit of murdering harmless civilians of both sexes, without warning, on the high seas, makes for the glory of the Fatherland. The pirates!—there is a drinking song that always haunts my mind when I think of them:

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

I suppose Stevenson's haunting refrain and the "Hymn of Hate" are the songs the pirates sing down below as they prepare to butcher the crews and passengers on harmless merchant ships. Drink or no drink in Britain, there is one thing every man in this country is hoping to see the German pirates get—the big drink at sea.

NOW, having contributed my share to the great question—to drink or not to drink—I will hence. My errand at the moment is to ensure the barley water supply. Chastened, I go, perhaps with regrets, but still full of a high sense of duty. The old Arabian puts my mood in four lines:—

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass!
After all, my withers are not wrung. If teetotalism leads to less doctors, more shells, the sinking of German submarines and the retention of the Champagne country, in the words of Sidney Carton: "It is a far, far better thing than ever I have done before," and you may count on finding, struggling in the wake of a great King's example, your thirsty friend—

CANDIDE.

JUSTICE—NOT MERCY.

Britons Must Not Be Robbed of Fruits of Sacrifice.

Misguided Consideration for the Enemy.

Do we not see on many sides evidences of a desire to render abortive all the sacrifices of the past months by an altogether misguided consideration for "the dignity of the enemy"? Many Britons think, with your brilliant contributor, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, that "we are on the eve of the world's grandest Eastertide," but God give us strength and sense to greet the dawn free from sickly sentimentality towards an unprincipled and barbarous enemy.

Justice cries aloud for retribution. Unless the public mind is prepared against the movement I have indicated, we may find ourselves robbed of the "inconceivably great opportunities" of which Mr. W. L. George writes in your last issue.

GEORGE W. BUDDEN.

48, Glencroft terrace, Darlington.

Congratulations from the Front.

This is to let you know what a really good impression your Sunday paper has made upon the fellows out here. I had one sent me from Scotland about three weeks ago, and have had two others since, each of which has been better than the one before.

The first two I had sent out caused quite a stir, but last week I noticed that most of the men in the troop received Sunday Pictorials of their own. So now I don't have quite so many fellows worrying me for mine.

I know quite well that a private soldier is not thought to be a great man in England, but that which pleases him mostly passes muster with the general public, and I can assure you that we all like your paper.

TROOPER WATSON (2nd Life Guards).

The Best Aid to Temperance.

Prohibition in a drastic form is necessary, but there is no need to close the public-houses. It is not so much the drinking that creates the evil as the drink supplied. What would be more to the purpose is the passing of a Pure Drink Bill. The introduction of only the purest quality of liquor would prove a greater aid to temperance than any fixed law of total abstinence.

R. FOULKES EDWARDS.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

REFLECTIONS.

"Submarine base." It generally is!

Fate of a Turkish warship, in two words: Scrap! Scrapped!

Favourite song of Jess Willard, the cowboy pugilist, "Go to sleep, my little piccaninny."

That "one man-one drink" idea is decidedly a good one. Britons should never retreat.

Our heroes at the front know that there is all the difference in the world between a cool feet and "cold feet."

German airmen who attempted to drop bombs on a British camp succeeded in killing a chicken. Another "fowl" deed.

Germans notoriously are arrogant and rude; so there need be no surprise that we, as well as the neutral nations, object to their coarse airs.

The Sultan is very pleased with the decoration which the Kaiser has bestowed upon him. It is not the first time that he has taken orders from William II.

SOLUTION OF DRINK PROBLEM.

Continued from page 7.

As it is, a man enters a public-house, has his "nip," and goes out. Up the street, the light catches his eye and he enters another and again he goes out. Then the big house at the corner lures him in, and so on.

Thus rapid drinking becomes a habit—and in it lies the sorrow and intellectual sadness of Britain. The publicans, I feel sure, would welcome reform. It is not they, but the licensing system, for which they are not responsible, that is to blame.

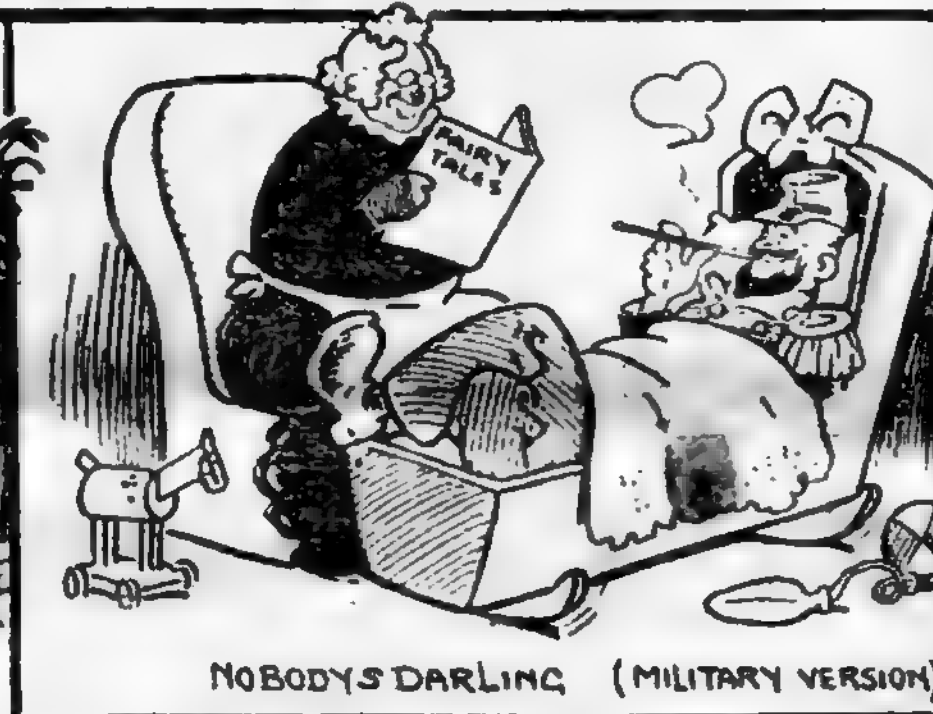
Will our shepherds be honest and face this problem? I wonder. But here is their opportunity. Inconvenience would, of course, be caused pending the reorganisation of the public-houses, and there would be a great restriction in the sale of alcohol. So much the better. In this way, two birds would be killed.

Sooner or later the drink question has got to be faced by politicians. "Wait and see" helps nobody in war time. But drink and see would prove fatal. The shepherd knows that. No use to blame the liquor; the evil lies in the environment. We don't give either the men or the "liquor" a chance. But we have ours. And it is to do the necessary thing now, root and branch. AUSTIN HARRISON.

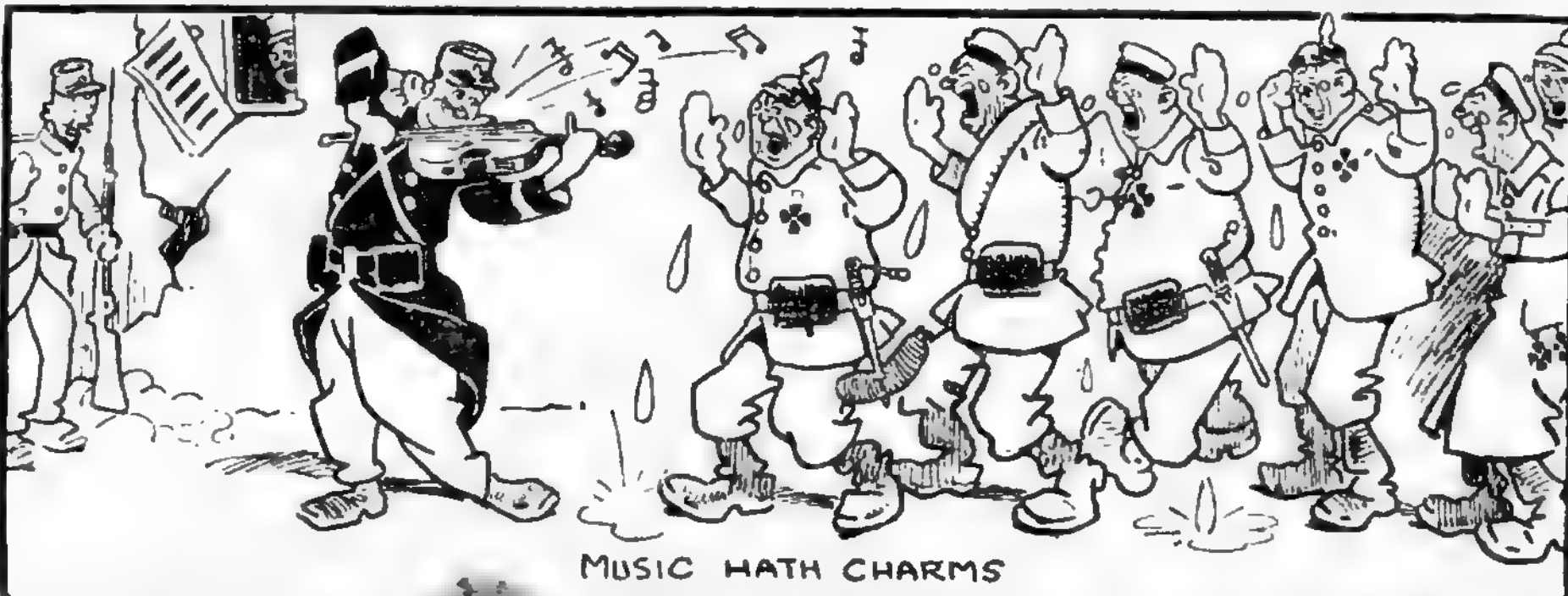
WAR NEWS AS SEEN BY OUR CARTOONIST.



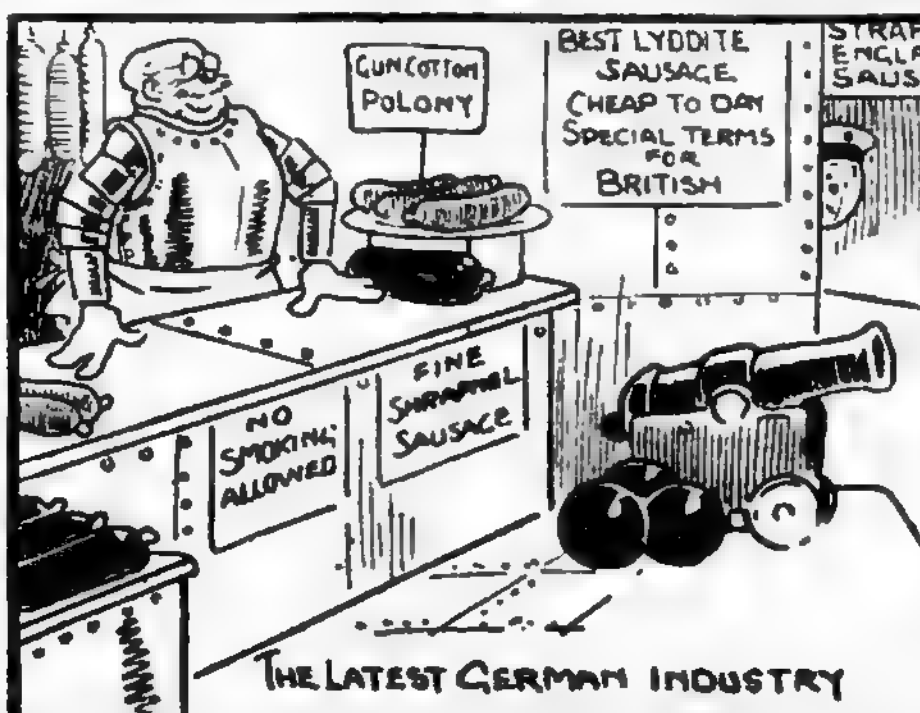
"Up-to-date Chicken.—A chicken belonging to Mr. Peter Schuleman, of Brighton, has laid a flat-shaped egg very much like a Zeppelin."—Daily Mirror.



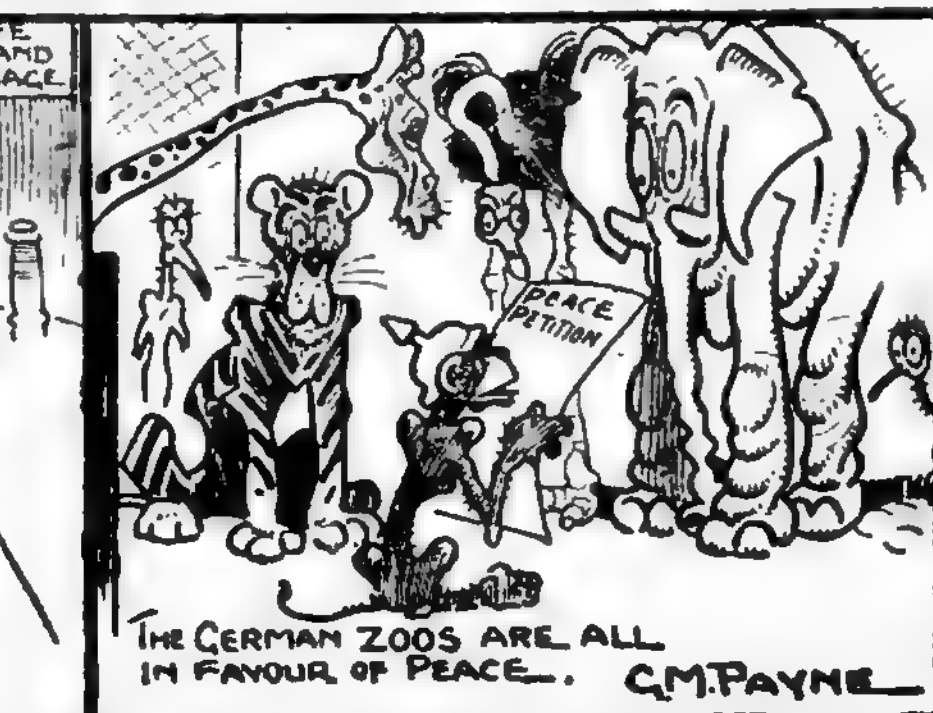
"Paris.—Ninety thousand kind-hearted women have each adopted a lonely soldier at the front. Extravagant letters of gratitude prove the comfort they are able to give."—Standard.



"Captured by a Melody.—Half unconsciously a French soldier named Henry Davenay began to play the 'War Song of Sowinski,' when suddenly there appeared before him about thirty men in German uniforms, their rifles on the ground, and their hands held above their heads. Tears were streaming down their faces. The happy 'Virtuoso' had the honour of leading the thirty prisoners to his cap-tain, and, violin in hand, announcing their submission."—Daily Mirror Correspondent.



"Suddenly the Germans began to throw explosive sausages into our trenches. The sausages lacked the usual varied contents so dear to the Boche palate. The Germans had scooped out the meat and filled the skins with explosives."—Letter from a French Officer.



"Copenhagen.—The director of the Copenhagen Zoological Gardens, who has returned here after a journey through Germany, states that the animals in all German Zoos appeared to be remarkably slender."—Standard Correspondent.

TRENCHES FIVE YARDS APART: INDIANS WITH 'SPOILS OF VICTORY'

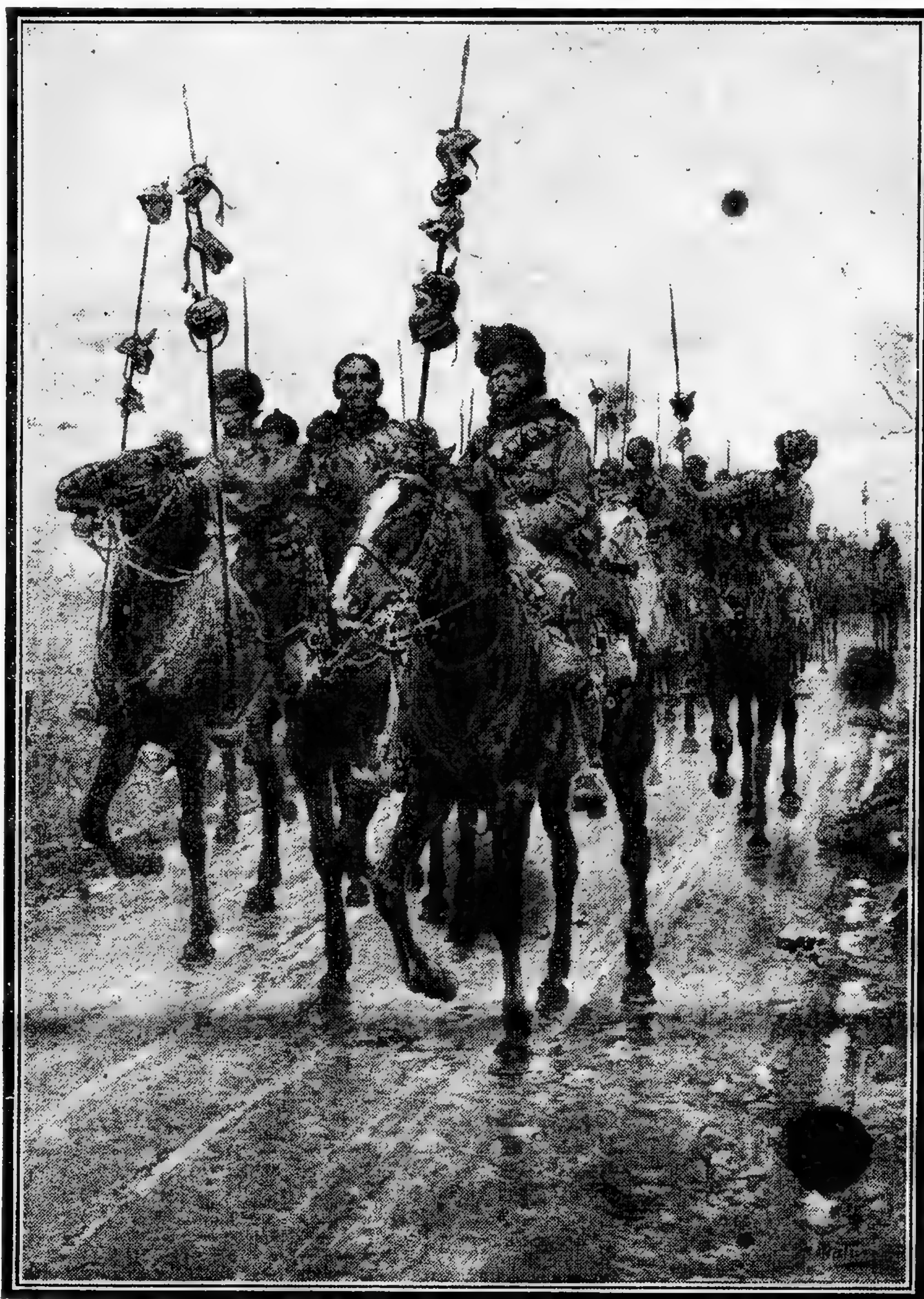


French and German trenches within five yards of each other at Chateau de Vernelles. Our Allies attacked and captured the enemy's position after a fierce fight.

THE SKILFUL ARAB WOMAN.



An Arab woman leaving a British camp after selling out her stock of dates. These women carry their boxes as skilfully as a Covent Garden porter.



Bengal Lancers riding along the road from "Port Arthur" after taking part in the great victory at Neuve Chapelle. Their lances are decorated with many helmets which they have taken from the defeated enemy.—(Drawing by F. Matania, reproduced by courtesy of the Sphere.)

AIRMAN HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.



This pilot had a very narrow escape. His aircraft was being fired at, and shells are seen bursting in the air. But the machine was not hit.

A NAVAL V.C.



Commander Henry Peel Ritchie, R.N., who has been awarded the V.C. for conspicuous bravery at Dar-es-Salaam. He was wounded eight times.

A LITTLE PET FROM BRAZIL



This marmoset is the pet of a Brazilian girl, who carries it about with her wherever she goes. It is here seen about to tackle a banana, its favourite food.

A GO



How the New York Times describes the reaction of Austria to the war.



The New York Times describes the reaction of Austria to the war. Its cartoon is a bit of a joke.



A particularly disgusting cartoon of the presence of a sword of honor. Kultur shows.



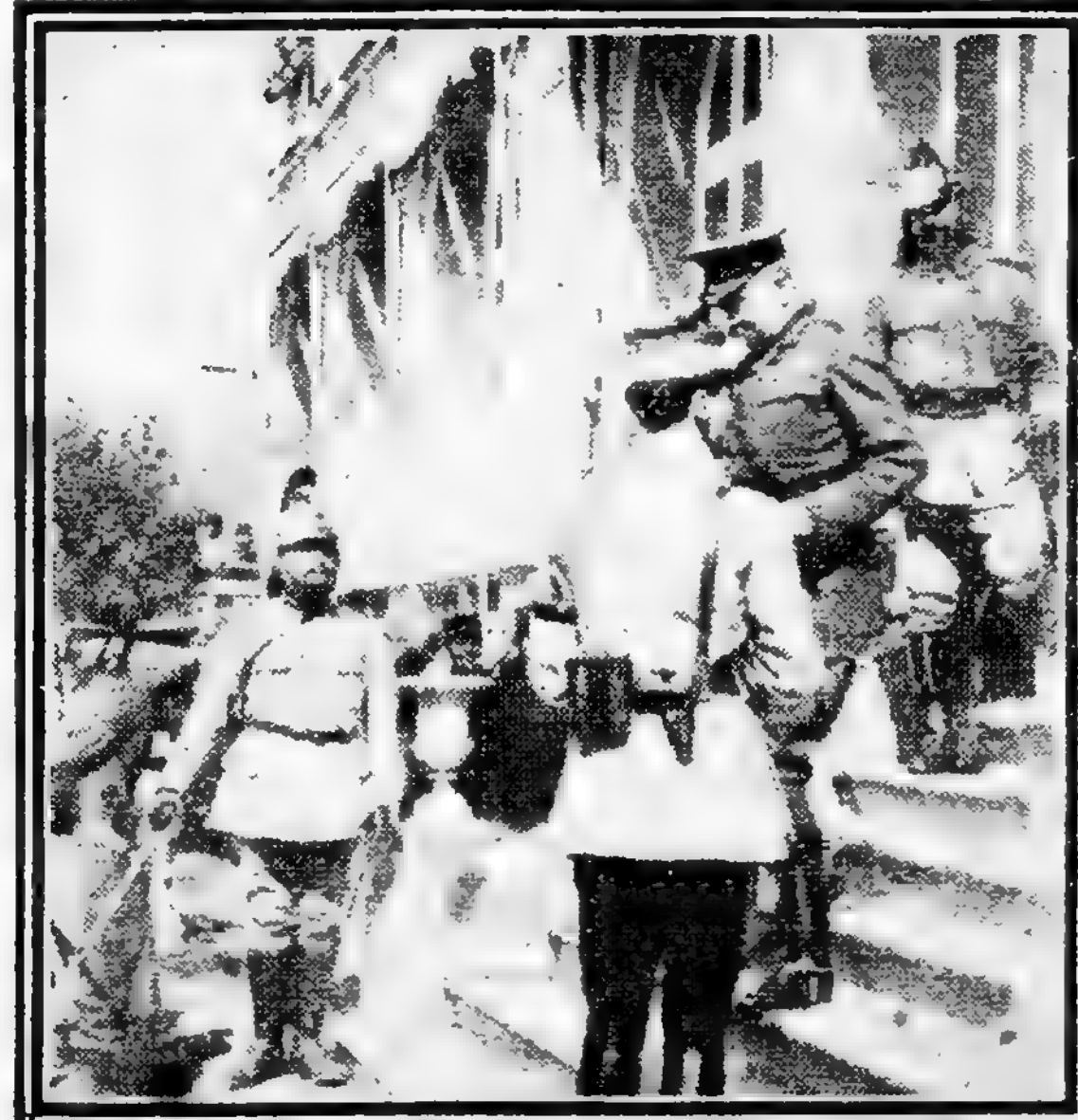
The Montreal Daily Star cartoon of the presence of a sword of honor. Kultur shows.

D HIT.

LORD KITCHENER PAYS A VISIT TO THE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS.



Lord Kitchener's movements are, of necessity, given little or no publicity, but it is generally known that he paid a brief visit to the French Headquarters on a day which it is not necessary to mention. In the picture he is seen just after alighting from the train.



Leaving the headquarters after holding a consultation with M. Millerand, the French War Minister. He also paid a visit to General Joffre, the French Commander-in-Chief.

NATIVE REBELS IN CHAINS.



Rebels bound to each other by chains, which are run through the rings round their necks. The picture was taken in Zomba Camp, Central Africa.

'NEST ON A MANTELPIECE.



Robin in the nest which it has built on the mantelpiece of a little girl's bedroom at Gidea Park. In the morning it flies on to her bed and wakes her up by its singing.

"ODDS AND ENDS."



Miss Mabel Sim, aged eighteen, who is playing the lead in "Odds and Ends" at the Ambassadors. She is a member of the Gros-smith family.—(Downey.)

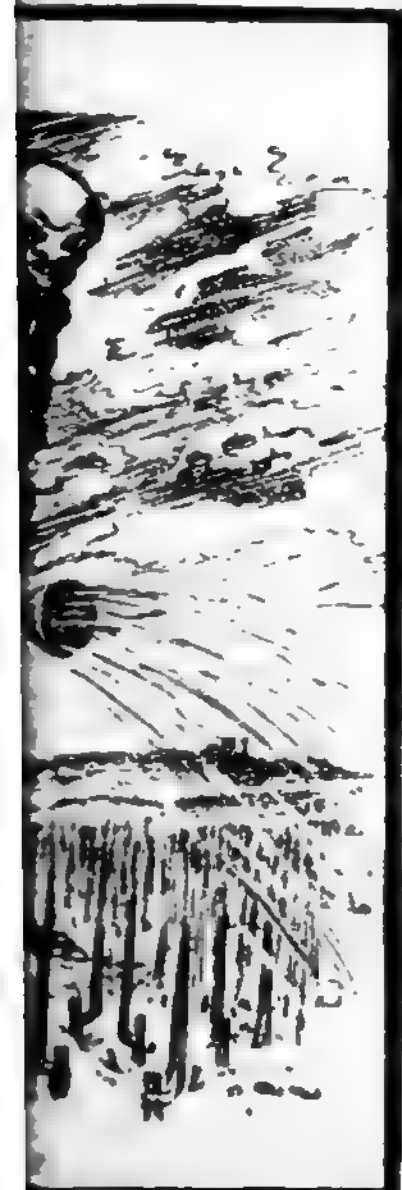
FRESH AIR FOR THE STOKERS.



Taking a rest on board a British warship after bombarding the Dardanelles forts. The stokers are glad to get on deck for a breath of fresh air.



World cartoonist de-Russian successes. led on the lance.



inks that there will death this spring. led "The second



able German car-on to King Albert from Japan. Thus magnanimity.



er reads the situa-tion that "nigger" Germany may be of civilization.

WILL OUR SOLDIERS TILL THE SOIL?

Ploughshares for Swords in
Holiday Times.

ACRES LYING WASTE.

Is it too much to ask soldiers home on furlough to work on the farms and thus, enjoying the holiday which change of occupation gives, serve their country in a double capacity? The proposal was put forward at a meeting of the Yorkshire Farmers' Union, which yesterday discussed the serious position of agriculturists throughout the land. Many of the soldiers are skilled in the peaceful pastoral industries as well as in the arts of war. It was suggested that the Government should follow the example of the German Government and make the Germans who are interned in England take part in farming operations, just as English prisoners in Germany are employed in order to ensure a good supply. Various suggestions had been made to the Government, and it was alleged that, while the latter were promoting the aniline dye industry, they were neglecting the far more important industry of agriculture. Large farmers in the East Riding were reported to be giving notice to leave farms through their inability to carry on without labour. Between Market Weighton and Bridlington thousands of acres were reported to be awaiting ploughing and sowing.

SULK STRIKE OVER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LIVERPOOL, Saturday. The sulk strike of the Birkenhead dockers ended to-day, and the men, persuaded to go back, did so with smiling faces. For six weeks they had refused to work either overtime or on Saturdays. The dockers' grievance was that they wanted to be paid on the spot after their day's work. The return of the men to work synchronises with the formation of dockers' battalions. This morning I visited the khaki dockers whom Lord Derby has organised as a military unit. They had just been put through their drill in the presence of Captain Williams, adjutant of the battalion. They are a fine body of men, and Lord Derby was probably right when he described them as the finest workers in the port of Liverpool.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

"Catch Your Pal" Recruiting
in the Parks.

TO-DAY'S GREAT RALLY.

The great recruiting campaign which opens to-morrow will be the biggest effort yet made to whip up recruits for the Army. No fewer than 1,500 meetings will be held all over the metropolis within the next fortnight.

Nearly fifty demonstrations take place to-day in the parks and open spaces. The meetings begin at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.

A special effort is being made by the Jewish Recruiting Committee, which has arranged for a Jewish mass meeting to be held at Shoreditch next Wednesday evening. The Lord Chief Justice will preside.

Yesterday a Sunday Pictorial representative found the Publicity Department at the Chief Recruiting Depot in Whitehall a swarming hive of human industry.

Headed by the mounted band of the 1st Life Guards, the new unit of the Divisional Ammunition Column, R.F.A., over 400 strong, held a recruiting march through London yesterday, attended by a number of their field wagons. To-morrow the City will lead off with a rally in the Guildhall yard at one o'clock.

The ordinary weekday meetings will be held at noon and in the evening to give the workers an opportunity to attend.

FIVE BIG PROBLEMS.

BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

When will there be a general election?
What new taxes will be imposed this year?
Will there be a serious split in the Liberal Party over the Welsh Church Bill?
Will the Government be forced to close public-houses in order to expedite the output of ammunition for the front?
Will further steps be taken to minimise the danger arising from the presence of enemy aliens in this country?

These questions have been on almost everybody's lips during the past few weeks. In the section of the parliamentary session which begins on Wednesday these problems must be dealt with. A good deal is likely to be heard of the drink problem during the next few days. No decision on the question has yet been reached by the Cabinet, but I am able to state on the highest authority that the majority of Ministers are dead against the total prohibition of the traffic.

FINANCE IN THE CITY.

Word of Timely Warning to
Investors.

RUBBERS AND RUBBISH.

THROMORTON-STREET, Saturday, 3 p.m.

It is quite easy in the Rubber market to-day to pick up producing shares to return 8 to 12 per cent. on the past year's earnings, with a reasonable prospect of such return being doubled or trebled within two or three years, with a pro rata appreciation in capital value. It is doubtful whether any such statement can be made regarding any other market on the Stock Exchange.

Yet it is well to utter a word of warning. Practically every rubber share with any present good position or prospects is already at par, or at a substantial premium, and by consulting any one of the numerous rubber hand-books an investor can learn why certain low-price shares stand at a rubbish price. Wild rubber shares may be written off the map at once.

OPTIONS V. SHARES.

Now it is no longer possible to open credit accounts in stocks and shares with only sufficient capital to pay differences the speculator's position is changed. He can only deal in as many shares as he can afford to take up and pay for. Many of the rubber companies in their early days, to satisfy the insatiable demand for shares, created options on unissued capital, but in most cases these have expired. Yet there are a few options on good companies which still afford speculators a chance of making money without locking up any large amount of capital.

To give two cases as examples. Options to purchase Bukit Sempawang shares at par until the end of December, 1915, can be picked up for 44d. The shares themselves stand at 2s. 2d. Thus 1,000 options can be purchased for a capital expenditure of £18 15s. To buy 1,000 shares outright would cost £108 6s. 8d. Yet both operations would result, in the event of the shares rising to 3s. or so by the end of the year, roughly, in the same profit.

THE RISE IN RUBBER TRUSTS.

Not very long ago Rubber Trust shares were as low as 3s. 6d. They now stand at 10s., the shares being of the nominal value of £1 (12s. 6d. paid). Yet the options which run on these shares until March, 1918, can be bought at 2s. As the shares are at a discount of 2s. 6d. this increases the option price really to 4s. 6d. and affords striking testimony to the faith of the public in the future position of this company. The purchase of 1,000 options can be effected for one-fifth of the capital outlay of the shares themselves, while the purchaser is never faced by an uncertain loss.

WAR - BABY VICTIMS OF ANTWERP.

Only Five of Forty Mothers
Able to Nurse Children.

SOUP FOR 35,000 DAILY.

"Before the war about thirty-five out of every forty women in Antwerp nursed their babies. Now it is possible for hardly five out of forty to do so."

In a poignant picture of the heartrending agony of Antwerp, supplied to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, the above statement is just one of many made in a report, issued last night, by an American woman.

She is Dr. Caroline Hedger, who threw up an excellent practice in Chicago to help in relieving distress in Belgium.

It is estimated by the Commission that the enormous number of 2,500,000 people will be entirely destitute before August. Dr. Hedger pays a warm tribute to the Belgians, who, threatened with starvation, oppressed by the invader, are "patiently waiting for a better turn of affairs."

She says workers in the kitchens state that the people awaiting relief look much better than they did in December, when several men fainted from hunger every week.

"BABY CONSULTATIONS."

The ration of soup and bread costs the city of Antwerp from about 1d. a day per person. At one place, much frequented by men, about twenty-eight cubic inches of bread is given. This is about twice as large as the average piece, which varies according to the supply.

There are four varieties of soup—pea, bean, vegetable and bouillon. If pea soup is known to be served on a certain day the attendance is larger.

Antwerp's self-control can be realised from the fact that one official preserves discipline among from 900 to 2,700 people and does not seem to be hard-worked.

The infant care is now carried on at three stations, and two more will soon be started.

Women of means not only finance the feeding stations, but prepare the milk themselves. They furnish seven formulae on the orders of physicians who hold "baby consultations," and who are doing thorough and effective work.

Lloyd's returns issued yesterday show that 471 ships, with an aggregate tonnage of a million and a half, were under construction last quarter. Three big liners are included—one of 30,000 tons, one between 30,000 and 40,000 tons and one over 40,000 tons.

YOU CAN PLAY THE PIANO TO-DAY

By Naunton's National Music System.

It makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

Failure is Impossible.

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance-music, Songs, Classics, anything.

OVER 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly

If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid and perfect Naunton National Music System, which is a real success. The word "educator" means "to lead out." It does not mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes, which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it, to-day.

READ WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY.

One pupil writes after nine lessons:—"I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

A Mother writes:—"Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

A Composer of over 3,000 popular songs says:—"I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

Another pupil writes after five lessons:—"Your system is splendid."

Another pupil writes after six lessons:—"I can play well and am teaching two of my friends."

A Composer says:—"I think it A1, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

Another pupil says:—"I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them have sent to you for their lessons."

A sample of many—after one lesson:—"When reading your advertisement I could scarcely believe that any system could achieve what was there stated. But on studying your first lesson I realised that at last a system had been discovered which is capable of instructing persons who formerly held the idea that to play the piano was utterly beyond them. This opinion of themselves must now be entirely set aside. Naunton's National Music System is the acme of simplicity or simplicity of perfection."

To Past Applicants:—Our special Concession Order Forms, A, B and C, are still available.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

TO THE MANAGER,

NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON-DON-ST., LONDON, E.C.

Being a reader of the "Sunday Pictorial," and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for ONE SHILLING, in return for which please send me your "SPECIAL No. 1," published at 2s., containing five tunes with your instructions how I can play them at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE:—Please fill in Postal Order payable to Naunton's National Music System Ltd.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

"Sunday Pictorial."



IN THE LIMELIGHT

THE ANTI MELODRAMA CRUSADE.



Miss Madge Titheradge, who will appear at the St. James's Theatre.



Miss M. Hemmingway, who will appear in "Quincy" at the Haymarket.



Miss Jessie Frazer, the new star in "Veronique."



Miss Lyuba Luskoff.

TYRANNY OF THE FREE SONG.

STRONG VIEWS OF MR. J. BERNARD DICKSON.

So much interest has been aroused by the discussion on the "Free Song," which was started in these columns by Mr. Frank Allen, and continued by such distinguished artists as Miss Vesta Tilley and Miss Ella Retford, that a further article on the subject, this time from the pen of a famous song writer, will surely be welcome. Mr. J. Bernard Dickson is the author of many songs which have become historical.

THE free song, which originally emanated from America, the Land of the Free, owes its existence to the pernicious system adopted by some of the publishing houses of keeping tame authors on the premises to continually turn out songs which are allowed to be sung free on the off chance of one in a hundred catching on with the public.

Hence we suffer from a glut of unnecessary songs with insane titles, inane words and hurricane melodies, where the performer has to clap hands, smack thighs and gyrate like a gorilla to make the song go.

One of the greatest objections to the free song is that it destroys the initiative and creative power in the artist, and accounts for the dearth of performers with originality, for those who are now star turns have mostly held their positions for many years, and in most cases owe their initial success to the fact of having had songs specially written for them to suit their own particular styles.

Can one imagine Albert Chevalier, Little Tich, Marie Lloyd, George Robey, Harry Randall or George Formby reaching the eminence they have attained had they been obliged to sing free songs?

Even to-day one associates George Leybourne with "Champagne Charlie," Charles Coburn with "Two Lovely Black Eyes," and "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," and James Fawn with "If You Want to Know the Time, Ask a Policeman"; whereas the singer of the free song, no matter how good he or she may be, is no more personally associated with the song than the gramophone.

It is practically impossible for an artist to secure individuality with a free song if the time is being sung by many others, and in a lot of cases has been performed at the same hall for several weeks previously. In fact, it has been known in several cases for an artist to go on hurriedly and sing a free song, and on finishing to be told by a horrified manager that the same song has already been sung earlier in the programme.

Many artists are known in the profession as "front cloth turns."

These are sent on to sing any senseless song, irrespective of being successful or of pleasing the public, simply to make time for the setting of a big scene, say, for a revue, which itself is practically a vehicle to exploit the free song, and is nothing more or less than the outcome of eight men conspiring to write something without a plot.

However, presuming the publishers find the

free song pays, one cannot blame them as business men pursuing that which proves most profitable; but, nevertheless, it does not do away with the indisputable fact that it prevents

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critics show a little more catholicity of taste in the way of appreciation they will leave the London playgoer nothing to choose from except the latest All-Leg-Royce and the Dreary Morbidities of the Stage Society. It is not a pleasant prospect.

"The Right To Kill."

Mr. Edmund Maurice will appear in "The Right To Kill" at His Majesty's. Sir Herbert Tree tells me that he has great faith in this play. He says it is very passionate and very human. It is the sort of drama that the Russians have taken to their hearts since war broke out.

A Postponement.

There will be no "Exchange" at the Little Theatre next Sunday night. Miss Edith Craig,

who is stage producer for the Pioneer Players, is down with influenza, therefore, the performance of this play by Paul Clandel, which was promised has had to be postponed until Sunday, May 2. Miss Ellen Terry, who is Miss Craig's mother, is still in New York. Her eyes were operated on for cataract a month or two ago. She has been expected for some time in London, but evidently has not yet been able to make up her mind to leave terra firma and travel over the deep seas, where nowadays so much danger lies.

Marie's Return.

I looked into the London Pavilion the other evening when Miss Marie Lloyd had a tremendous ovation on her return to London. The greatest of all English vaudeville artists seems to get younger and more individual every day.

The audience would have willingly listened to her all night. Earlier in the evening I was agreeably impressed by a new baritone, Mr. Vincent Jeffries.

A Welcome Back.

Miss Jessie Fraser, who is now playing the part of Sophie in "Veronique" at the Adelphi Theatre, has just returned to the stage after four years' absence. The last play she appeared in was "The Belle of Brittany," when she took over the late Miss Maudie Darrell's part. Previous to that she was appearing in "The Girls of Gottenberg."

"The Will."

Edmund Gwenn and Co. in "The Will," by J. M. Barrie, the Edith Coombs Trio, the Grumblers, Gordon Cleather, the Club Juggling Girls and John Tiller's Eight Sunshine Girls are the principal newcomers to the Coliseum tomorrow. Mr. Edmund Gwenn, who has been successfully touring Sir James Barrie's plays, "The Will" and "The Twelve Pound Look," brings "The Will" to the Coliseum for a fortnight.

The Gaiety Reopens.

Look out for "To-night's the Night" at the Gaiety. You will see Miss Julia James in the production and many other stars.

Perennial Potash.

What may possibly be regarded as a theatrical record in view of the uneventful times in which we are passing can surely be the ubiquitous firm of "Potash and Perlmutter," which will celebrate its first anniversary at the Queen's Theatre on Wednesday evening next. By that time 418 performances will have been given, and it is estimated the play has been witnessed at the Queen's by over 400,000 persons, not taking in those who have seen the play in the provinces, which number must now run into at least a million.

The Empire.

Rehearsals of the successful American musical production, "Watch Your Step," composed by Irving Berlin, are now in daily progress at the Empire Theatre under the direction of Mr. H. Burnside, who was responsible for its presentation in New York. Mr. H. Grattan has anglicised "Watch Your Step" and the cast will include Mr. George Graves, Mr. Joseph Payne, the Brothers Egbert, Lupino Lane, Miss Dorothy Minto, Miss Ivy Shilling and Miss Mel Levey.

Betty."

Most of the new plays have had to be postponed, and now "Betty" has had to be put off owing to the illness of Mr. W. H. Berry. Charmant Miss Daisy Burrell, who took Miss Phyllis's place in "The Girl in the Train" at the Adelphi Theatre some months ago, is taking quite a big part in it.

School Plays.

Since she was a little girl she has been devoted to the stage, and used to take a prominent part in school plays. I remember her taking the same part in "Aladdin" at the local hall when she was a very little girl, and even then her natural gift for acting was wonderful. She has a very pretty voice, and most glorious fair hair.

as the Knut.

You remember my mentioning Elsie Janis last week as being among the very few actresses who can really "carry off" the clothes of the knut? Well, do you recall ever having seen a newspaper or magazine picture of Miss Janis in male attire? You have not, eh? Well, the fact is one never has been, and never will be, published. So says Elsie herself.

Only One Exists.

Although one of the most photographed of actresses, she told me that only one such picture exists, and that was taken by Mrs. Janis, her mother, who is quite devoted to amateur photography. Miss Janis showed me this picture the other day. It is certainly a very charming one, and depicts her in the immaculate dress suit which she wore in "The Passing Show" of 1914.

THE FIRST PLAYER.

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

By "JEANNETTE."

"Jeannette," the well known writer on Beauty Culture and author of "The Book of Beauty," will be pleased to help and advise any reader on matters of the Toilet. Queries should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and directed to "Jeannette," c/o. "Before the Mirror," 43, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.

These are, undoubtedly, days of exceptional nervous strain for one and all of us. Anxiety with its beauty-destroying influence is casting its shadow over the lives of many of us women, and while, perhaps, a few—the more stoical among us—can avoid worrying over past or prospective events, we may all, with a little care and forethought, succeed in preventing the result of worry from being noticeable in our appearance. To these fortunate few, this little chat will, however, be as interesting and instructive as to those who stand in real need of help in toilet matters, and may be the means of bringing to their notice some hitherto unknown method of retaining or regaining that beauty of face and figure which is the birthright of every woman. Some of the ingredients mentioned below are, at present, not generally known to the public, but any good chemist will usually be found to have a small quantity in stock.

Freckles and How to Cure Them.—It is always those with the finest and fairest skin who freckle most easily, but this knowledge is a poor comfort when the face is disfigured by these ugly little blemishes. To prevent the formation of freckles, a wash should be applied to the face which will form a shield from the rays of the sun. A simple and inexpensive one can be made up at home by dissolving an ounce of eleventh in four tablespoonfuls of hot water. Shake the bottle, and, when cold, apply to the face and allow to dry on the skin. If this is done every day, removing the application whenever the face is washed, and a little peroxide was rubbed into the skin every night, freckles will not make their appearance, no matter how hot the sun. To remove freckles, which have already formed, apply the wax every night, rub it well into the skin of the face and neck and leave it on till the morning. Then wash off, using Pears' soap and warm water.

The Hair. To Increase the Growth.—To arrest an undue falling of the hair and increase the growth, scalp massage and the application of a good tonic is absolutely necessary. Part the hair in the centre and, starting at the forehead, massage for at least ten minutes. Then apply a tonic. A simple and inexpensive one can be made up at home by mixing one ounce of borax with a quart of a pint of bay rum. Add the borax to the bay rum, allow to stand for half an hour, then strain, and add sufficient water to make half a pint. Rub amongst the roots of the hair with a soft sponge.

Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, etc.—Blackheads are unusually troublesome things during the summer months to those bothered in that way. The extra warmth makes the skin "give," and it looks more greasy than usual, and, consequently, the blackheads are more noticeable. To remove them and close up the pores of the skin, dissolve a styptic tablet in a glass of hot water, allow the effervescence to subside, then dip a soft sponge into the liquid and rub the face. After a few minutes dry the face with a soft towel, and the blackheads will be instantly removed.

Are You Too Pale?—To bring a slight and perfectly natural-looking colour to the cheeks, use a small piece of wash-leather dipped in collodium. This should be rubbed over the cheeks in a circular direction. It gives a soft, rosy-like bloom, is quite undetectable, and does not harm the skin in any way, as other means of inducing a colour invariably do.

To Reduce a Double Chin.—To reduce a double chin, give hard, firm massage every night with mercurised wax, stroking the flesh firmly upwards from the chin towards the lower portion of the neck. Do this every night, and in the morning bathe with cold water and rub into the skin a little paraffin jelly. This treatment will strengthen the flabby tissues and restore the contour of the face. Occasionally a double chin is due to stooping over books or work, but generally it is the result of putting on weight. When the latter is the case, a few elytral berries, eaten regularly every day, will greatly assist in reducing the superfluous flesh. A glass of hot water should be sipped after each meal.

Superfluous Hair.—Dark-complexioned women are far more frequently troubled with a growth of superfluous hair than those with fair skins, and at the first sign of these objectionable hairs, steps should be taken to remove them, or they will develop into a strong growth which will take a very long time to destroy. A little powdered phenol applied to this growth will remove the unsightly blemish, destroying it permanently if the hair be but few. Two or more applications may be necessary, if the growth be unusually strong, but about one ounce of phenol should be sufficient for the most stubborn case. Phenol can be obtained at the chemist, and a little powdered alum should be obtained at the same time for dusting the skin before applying the phenol.

Grey or Fading Hair.—To restore the colour to grey or fading hair, add one ounce of concentrate of tannin to four ounces of bay rum. Apply to the roots with a soft sponge every night until the desired result is obtained, then use the lotion two or three times a week. After three or four days a decided improvement will be noticed, the hair turning gradually to its original colour. An iron tonic will be found most beneficial when the greyness is caused by general debility.

Growing Too Stout.—When a woman has turned thirty she generally has to face one of two evils: either she grows thin and angular, or the parts on flesh too rapidly, for real beauty. Of the two, the latter is the greater evil, though it is the one that can be the most easily remedied. A few elytral berries, eaten regularly every day, will quickly restore the figure to its former graceful proportions. These berries are perfectly harmless, and are by no means unpleasant to taste, having a slight peppermint flavour.

PARKER BELMONT'S LIQUID NAIL POLISH. 1s. ALL CHEMISTS.—(Advt.)

A PAGE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. PETER AND PEGGY IN NO-WAR-LAND



"See me fly!"

Peter and Peggy are brother and sister who discovered a funny little door in their cellar which led to a mysterious land underground. A goblin promises them the most wonderful adventures, and already they have been to a New Potato party and played games with the oranges and lemons.

PETER and Peggy sat close together in the big, dark wood "for company"—the bravest boy or girl would have felt a little bit lonely there. Suddenly they heard a noise of wings overhead. "I shall give notice this very minute," they heard a voice say. "They work you 'do I get!'"

The children looked up in the air—what do you think it was? A little fairy servant girl! She wore a tiny white cap with streamers, a blue print dress, an apron, and from her shoulders sprouted a pair of funny little wings. In one hand she carried a dustpan and in the other a broom.

Peggy jumped to her feet. "Oh, come back, come back," she cried, jumping up and down with excitement. "Peter, tell me quickly, what shall I call her? Oh, I don't want to lose her. Isn't she lovely? Call her Mary Ann? Mary Ann, Mary Ann! do come back and talk to us!"

The tiny creature was now nearly out of sight, but she just heard Peggy's voice. She stood still for a moment in the air, like a dragon fly; then she tossed her head, put the broom under her arm and came sailing down in the air to the ground.

She came down so fast that she had to steady herself with the dustpan, which she used like a fan. "Whoever are you?" she said, as she sat on the ground. "Was it you that called me Mary Ann?"

"Please, I didn't know what to call you," cried Peggy, "and you looked so lovely up there flying along. I didn't want to lose you."

"Why shouldn't I fly along?" asked the little creature. "Don't you fly, too?"

"Don't we wish we could," said Peter. "Oh, how I should love to go sailing right up in the sky like a bird! I should like it better than anything."

"Pooh! I sometimes wish I hadn't any wings. Perhaps, then, I shouldn't be at the beck and call of all the silly fairies!"

"May I ask who you are?" asked Peggy politely.

"You may," said the other. "My name is Tabbs, and not Mary Ann at all—I wouldn't have such a silly name as that. I am a fairy servant girl, and—I get so tired of sweeping the dust off the mushrooms and taking out their babies!"

"Taking out their babies!" gasped Peggy. "Peter, how wonderful it would be to take out fairy babies for an airing! Wouldn't mother just love to adopt them?"

"I don't suppose father would be so pleased to have such a large family," said Peter. All this time Tabbs was doing her hair up, which had all fallen down when she flew down to the children. She even had little hairpins, which she held between her teeth. She twisted her hair round and round with her fingers.

"I've only just put it up," she said to Peggy. "I used to have my hair down my back like a princess, but the fairies said it wasn't respectable for a servant!"

"You seem to be rather badly treated by the fairies."

"I should think I am! The latest thing they have done is to keep me in on Wednesday afternoons and make me do all the washing. There are simply thousands of party frocks to be washed—what with the steam and the clothes-lines falling down and the tiny piece of soap!"

At that moment there were shrill cries in the distance. "Tabbs, come along, you naughty girl—where have you been?"

"The fairies," said Tabbs. "I must be going. Just listen to the impatient old things! Good-bye, dears, good-bye!"

Peter and Peggy met Tabbs again next week and have the funniest time of all. Tell all your friends about the story.)

PRIZEWINNERS.

Handwriting Competitions (No. 3).—Charles Lee (of Great Grimsby), George Nelson, Albert Lyford, Albert Payton, Eric Partridge, F. Waller, Bernard Cooke, Hedley Millington, John Dyne, Herbert Goldner, Cecil Crosshill, Robert Owen, Ronald Prothero, Walter Hawke, Stanley Scott, A. Downing, Charles Murray, John Percy Ward, Reg Chapman, Reg Ballantyne, Edgar Walshaw, Leslie G. Longmore, William Mason, Albert Burrow, Frank Faulkner, Ethel Simpson, Majorie Turner, Kitty Elmes, Mary Driscoll, Myra Wall, Millie Wagstaff, Norah W. Shedd, Bertha Wait, Joan Russell, Norah Cochrane, Christine Vickery, Rita Finch, Doris Colgate, Winifred Walte, Marie Greenwood, Della Culbert, Gwendoline Hughes, Joan Wint, Irene Speight, Marie Mersch, Renee Jensen, May Green (of Barnes), Winifred Thompson, Margaret Dickinson, Bessie A. Kay.

Painting Competition (No. 3).—First (10s.), Evelyn Birks, aged twelve; second (5s.), Geoffrey Brown, aged nine; third (2s. 6d.), Robert Edgar Gray, aged six; fourth (2s. 6d.), Jean Gourlay, aged twelve.

UNCLE JACK'S LETTER.

My Dear Boys and Girls.—I'm Tabbs, the fairest servant girl, a funny little thing. Even the niggers have fallen in love with her, and, as you see, have agreed up in her honour. The No-War Land ladies are altogether different from any other ladies in the world—we are having a special day about them next week.

Instead of handwriting, I want you to do a sum in arithmetic this week. I am offering Fifty P.izes of Half a Crown to the boys and girls who, in my opinion, do the following sum the most carefully and accurately.

Multiply two hundred and twenty-three pounds, nine shillings and sixpence three farthings by fifteen.

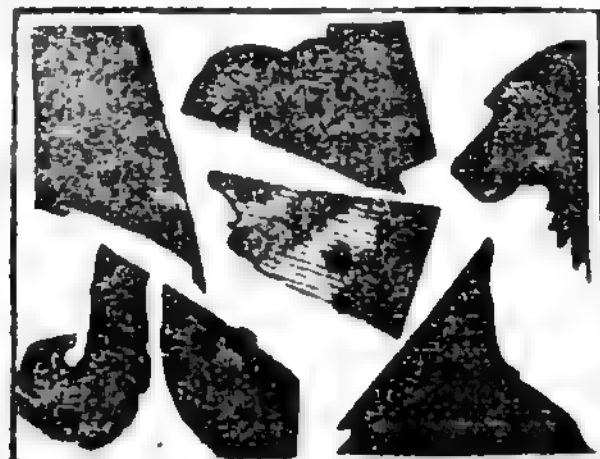
Work out this sum (in the nearest of figures) on a postcard, and send it, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Jack (Arithmetic Competition, Sunday Pictorial, 29, Bowdler-street, London, E.C., so that it arrives not later than the first post on Thursday, April 15.

For the best painting of the picture of Tabbs and the children four prizes are offered:—First, 10s.; second, 5s.; and two prizes of half a crown. When you have painted the picture stick it on a postcard and send it, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Jack (Painting Competition, Sunday Pictorial, 29, Bowdler-street, London, E.C., so that it arrives not later than the first post on Thursday, April 15.

No children over fifteen may take part in any of these competitions. My decision must in all cases be final.—Yours affectionately, UNCLE JACK.

P.S.—The only way to get a prize, George, is to keep on trying. You are sure to be successful in the end. Best of luck to you all!

A GOOD PUZZLE PICTURE.



Cut out these black pieces as carefully as you can, then fit them together so that they make a picture of a nice retriever dog.

CAN YOU GUESS THESE?

What bird is it that is half an animal?—Pigeon.

Why is Sunday the strongest day?—Because the others are all week days.

When is a rabbit like a silk dress?—When it is shot.

Two ducks before a duck, and two ducks behind a duck, and a duck in the middle. How many ducks in all?—Three.

When are soldiers stronger than elephants?—When they "carry" a fortress.

Why would a sparrow be offended if you called him a pheasant?—Because he would not like to be made game of.

"BIG BARGAINS"

A FINE WATCH OFFER. THE BEST EVER MADE. THE CENT'S "BIG BARGAIN." Nickel-Silver Lever Watch (exactly as shown), 3-11 only, post free (worth Double); or, if preferred, we will send it to you, post free per return for 1/6, and, after receiving Watch, you send 1s. weekly the next three weeks—4/6 in all.

2 Free Gifts for All. A Nickel-Silver Chain and Medal (exactly as shown) will be given, and sent FREE with every Cent's Watch for Cash, or for prompt payments when last payment is received.

THE LADY'S "BIG BARGAIN." Nickel-Silver Watch 4/6 only, post free (worth Double); or, if preferred, post free per return for 2s. and, after receiving Watch 1s. weekly the next three weeks—5/6 in all.



FREE GIFT! FREE! A new beautiful leather Wristlet will be sent FREE to all who send FREE to get Lady's Watch. (Suitable for either Lady's or Gent's Wrist Wear.) Each warranted Strong, Well-finished, to meet Timekeepers. Celebrated Swiss Make, specially Examined and tested. A Signed Guarantee of Full Satisfaction or Full Money Back, sent with every Watch.

CATALOGUE—(Post Free)—of other "Big Bargains" in Watches, Chains, Jewellery, Silver-Plated Goods, etc., etc. "PAIN BROS., Dept. B, The 'Presents House,' HASTINGS, ENGL."

RECIPE TO STOP DANDRUFF.

This Home-made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth.

To a half-pint of water add: Bay Rum 1 oz. Orlex Compound a small box. Glycerine 1/2 oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(Advt.)

The Barrow 'Everbright' Stainless Steel Cutlery

A marvellous invention that is of vital importance to all users of Cutlery. Never again need knives be cleaned, if you use the Barrow "Everbright."

Untarnishable Knives. The Barrow "Everbright" are absolutely rustless and unaffected by Vinegar, Sauces, Pickles, fruit Juices or the like.

Knife-Cleaning Machines Entirely Dispensed With.

After use simply wash as you would a China plate; they never lose their original brightness. The drudgery of knife cleaning is no more.

A Tremendous Saving.

This Cutlery effects a saving, not only in time and labour, but in Knives as well, for they are no longer subject to the hard usage of knife cleaning machines and methods.

You cannot afford to overlook this wonderful discovery. Write to try for illustrated price list, with Sample (1s. 9d. post free), and put it to the severest test you can think of.

S. BARROW & CO., 102 to 104, Victoria St., London, S.W.

DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE?

Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing or shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, conversation, or "appearing in public"? Do you feel that you are not "getting on" as your natural talents deserve? I can tell you how to change your whole mental outlook. By my Treatment you can quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind which will give you absolute self-confidence. Being freed from Mental handicaps you will be amazed at the wonderful way in which you and all your affairs will prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject so vital to yourself. Send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godly Elliott-Smith, 500, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C.—(Advt.)

HATS ARE SMALL AND ALSO WIDE-BRIMMED

Popular Though the Small Hat May Be it Has Not Succeeded in Ousting the Wide-Brimmed Sailor Shape from Fashion.

SMALL HATS V. LARGE.

ALTHOUGH hats are undoubtedly small again this spring, yet large, flat shapes with wide brims are still very much in evidence. It is doubtful if the small hat and close-fitting toque will ever displace the picturesque wide-brimmed hat. Some of the small shapes have just enough brim to afford this shade, and as the days grow brighter it is this type of hat the average woman will find by far the most practical.

Undoubtedly the shape is the thing this season. Having decided on either the small or wide-brimmed hat, the trimming is of secondary importance. The sobering effect of the war is very marked in the new millinery, and at the same time the old-world styles and vogues demand a demure, graceful type of hat from which anything bizarre is quite eliminated.



A graceful wide-brimmed hat of golden-brown rustic straw, trimmed with tiny roses at intervals on the edge of the brim and a plain banding of black ribbon velvet.



The new wavy coiffure swept back from the brow and revealing the ears is wonderfully becoming, and lends an air of great distinction.



A black and white chess-board effect is smart and effective in this debonaire sailor shape, underlined in black. A smart neck ruffle allows a fascinating peep of the hair.

The Short Sacque Coat and Bolero Corsage is Undoubtedly the Most Picturesque Solution to the Full Short Skirt.

THE NEW COIFFURE.

THE new coiffure, although not suited to every face, is one of great distinction and charm. The hair is not dressed so high as a few months ago, though latitude is allowed in this respect to suit individual types of face. But fashion demands that the ear should be entirely unconcealed. Thus the ear comes into its own again. I have always wondered why Fashion chose to hide such a very pretty feature.

The side curls or whiskers are still being worn to soften the severity of a line produced by the hair pulled back behind the ears. No parting is allowed with the new coiffure, but the hair is drawn across the brow from one side to the other. The comb is of vital importance, and this is fixed either at the centre back or at one side. I have seen some beautiful tortoiseshell combs for afternoon and evening wear cut in dainty filigree designs of obvious Spanish inspiration.

NEW COLLARS.

THE new hats, which are worn so that much of the hair is visible at one side and the back, make it very necessary that one should wear a high collar, to give the necessary softening effect. All the newest collars are high at the back, and frills and pleatings are being very much used. I have seen some charming ideas of novel neck wear made of the finest lawn and muslin, and cut in quaint points which fall over the coat or dress in front, while the back of the collar is set in tiny pleats, which stand away from the nape of the neck in a most alluring manner. Most of these collars are hand-embroidered, and the edges are sometimes very finely scalloped and worked in buttonhole stitch. Coarse linen is also being used, and this is very often embroidered in dull-coloured silks to tone with the coat and skirt with which it is intended to be worn. Some of these linen collars are so made that they fall over the back of a high collar in the form of a quaint rectangle which is broader at the base than at the top.

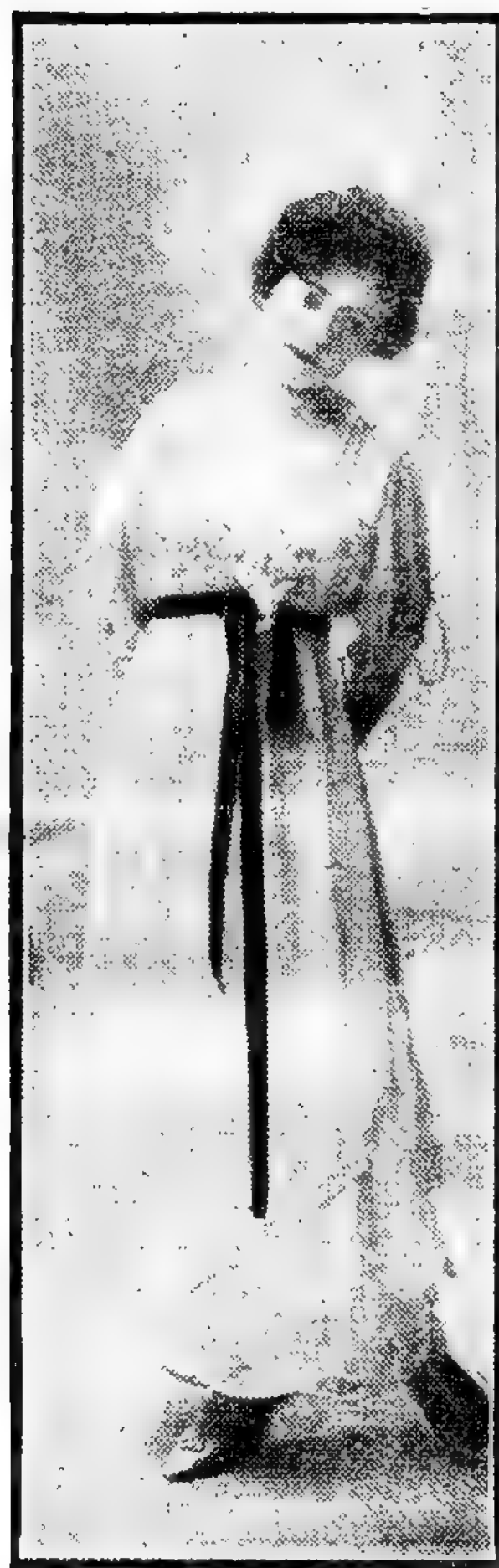
NEW VEILS.

THE new small hats are sometimes of such great severity that they need the softening effect of a veil. The loose floating veil which falls just below the chin is accepted by most women, but a newer idea is the nose veil, which is worn with the edge just above or below the tip of the nose. These veils must be worn with discretion, for I do not think they suit every type of face. The veil of fine soft mesh with a pretty border in chenille, or of needle-run lace, are the most popular of the moment.

Fortunately these ugly figured veils, which gave an appearance of ugly blotches, have quite disappeared, and there is a marked tendency for neat designs, which do not conceal the features. The veil is also used as a form of trimming, and is so arranged that it falls in graceful folds from the back of the hat, sometimes almost as far as the waist.



Cream corded suiting is used for the expression of this simple coat and skirt. The closely-fitting pointed basque is particularly effective with a full skirt.



A simple evening gown of ivory mousseline-de-soie, with pearl embroidered corsage and full aloped skirt. Black ribbon velvet strikes a charming note of contrast.

BOUND AND BRAIDED EDGES.

AN enormous amount of attention is being paid to finishing detail. The military influence, which has made itself felt in fashion for so many months, has been particularly successful in the matter of that detail which is conspicuous in military uniforms. Bound and braided edges enjoy enormous popularity, and the majority of the spring tailored suits are bound at the edges of the coat and skirt with fine silk military braid. A newer idea is the use of supple patent leather. It is being employed extensively in Paris just now, and in that city of sartorial surprises has even extended its career into the realm of afternoon gowns.

Some of the new dresses are showing edges which are piped. This is especially so in afternoon gowns of soft materials, such as taffetas and voiles. The latter material is not sufficiently wiry to stand out by itself, and the piping introduced at the extreme edge of the skirt produces the necessary flare effect.

SHORT COATEES.

THE short coatee is evidently to be the craze of the spring and summer season. In the case of coats and skirts, while the comparatively short belted coat is still being worn, the short sacque bolero coat is without doubt the most attractive finish to the short full skirt. It produces an harmonious line which even the most critical adversary of the new fashions could not fail to pronounce attractive. The scalloped and battlement edge which was worn in 1870 is once again to be seen, and it is really quite a delightful way of finishing off a short coat and skirt.

In the case of the afternoon gown I am quite in love with the bolero corsage. I have seen some charming old world gowns of black taffeta made with these bolero coatees, arranged so that they fit closely to the waistline at the side and back, from which point flares a tiny basque quaintly piped in the manner of which I have spoken.



The new bolero coatee in black taffeta, worn with a full skirt of the same material in a flowered design on a white ground.

The scalloped edge to coat and skirt is a revival of an old-fashioned notion admirably suited to the new vogue.

SPRING BLOUSES.

THE new blouse models are falling in line with other garments, and are equally attractive and alluring. In a way, there has not been such a drastic change as one might have expected, since the only radical difference is the high collar. At present this is enjoying quite a big popularity, but I do not believe that in the warm summer months women will agree to wear blouses which fit closely to the neck in front. They are apt to be hot and uncomfortable. For the present, however, Fashion insists that the very latest blouse shall show a collar, which fits closely to the throat. Other designs are of a less severe type, allow the throat to be bared in front, while the collar clings closely to the neck from beneath the ears. The Eglon sleeve still continues to be very much in favour, and in its newest form it is shown cut in one with the high collar, which turns over slightly at the top.

At the moment blouse sleeves are usually long, but there is a marked tendency for greater fullness. Strangely enough this fullness is introduced at either extremity. The most popular at present have the greater fullness at the wrist, but some of the newer designs are already showing a greater fullness at the shoulders.

The yoke is being introduced in many novel and attractive forms, and is now a conspicuous feature of many of the afternoon blouses.



A smart hat, the crown trimmed with flat roses of white taffetas is underlined with black straw and worn tilted at one side.



The chess-board effect in soft straw is here relieved with an enormous up-standing loop of white ribbon edged with black.



A fascinating toque of straw and silk with just enough brim to throw a becoming shade over the eyes at one side.

RETURN OF THE PETTICOAT.

THE petticoat once again! The most feminine of garments! I have heard many women deplore the return of the petticoat. They say that it is unhygienic, cumbersome and unnecessary. But in the latter case, at any rate, they are very wrong, for nothing can look worse than the full skirt without a petticoat. Instead of flaring, as it should do, the folds of the skirt hang closely together, as if they were vainly attempting to disguise themselves into the one-time straight narrow skirt. The petticoat worn beneath the full skirt effects the necessary flare, and produces the becoming swing, which is one of the most charming attributes of the full skirt. No woman could object to one petticoat which, with its deep flounces, is so light and charming. Soft satin petticoats, sometimes cut with a single deep flounce at the hem, have been specially designed for the new fashions.

Some of the new early summer models are made with the full skirt, from beneath which one is allowed a fascinating peep of a lace or embroidery petticoat, which extends some three or four inches below the hem of the dress.

It is yet to be discovered whether the one-time fashionable "rustle," produced by the stiff glaze or taffetas petticoat, is again to be the ambition of fashionable women! But whether this will be so or not the petticoat is as much a necessity for the correct silhouette as the more external details of fashions are assumed to be.

DO NOT OMIT TO READ THIS GREAT STORY.

"I'LL MAKE YOU WANT ME"

CHAPTER I.

JOAN VIVIAN'S charming face is white and strained-looking. It had been a detestable day in the office. In the end, driven to desperation, she had given notice and left on the spot.

As she put on her outdoor things in the dressing-room her thoughts changed. For the miracle that transforms the world had touched her with its glory. She loved and was loved.

Out of all the world, that was so full of women, Derek Marston had chosen her for his mate. She would write to Derek that night and tell him the truth, and ask him to allow their marriage to take place as soon as possible.

Joan lived in an old-fashioned square, in a huge old house which had been let out into small suites of rooms. For Joan Vivian was utterly alone in the world. Her parents were both dead.

When she pushed open the door she saw the figure of a man outlined sharply.

Across the room the eyes of her lover regarded her sombrely, like the eyes of a stranger.

Joan Vivian broke the silence. "Derek," she said, constrainedly, "tell me why you have come like this?"

"Joan," the whispered name seemed to break from him like a cry. "Joan, it will be best for me to say what I have got to say at once."

As in a dream, the girl listened to him. "I'm afraid I haven't been quite fair. I've been letting things drift a bit. You and I have been playing at love. Joan... it's not a question of love. I've got to marry a woman with money, who will help me in my career. Don't judge me too harshly."

As the terrible words came out, Joan Vivian sways a little. There was a sob of agony in her throat. "Oh, that I should have ever cared for you! I could kill myself for my weakness. Go—go. I pray that I may never see you again."

Joan covers her face with her hands. She cannot see the agony on Derek Marston's face. She does not know that there is a struggle going on between a man and his own soul. The girl only listens for the sound of his going.

Joan Vivian's thoughts are in a chaos. Running through her brain like a refrain is the one mad cry, "I can't go on, I can't—I can't."

Desperate, she goes out to get a prescription made up which shall procure for her everlasting sleep—and peace.

As she leaves the chemist's shop with the bottle in her hand a man speaks to her. She recognises him as Aubrey Clitheroe, a sculptor and the cousin of her dearest friend. Clitheroe knows intuitively what she is contemplating. He tells her of the terrible mistake she is about to make.

Suddenly his tone changes. To Joan's intense astonishment, he tells her that he has always loved her. "I have money," he says, "and I love you."

Joan Vivian is in an abnormal mood. She cannot face the thought of fighting the world by herself. Gradually she allows herself to be persuaded. It is a loophole of escape—a way out, desperate and mad; but—in a sudden impulse she accepts.

The next day Derek calls to see her, and very frankly he tells her that he cannot live without her, that nothing else matters in all the world but she. "Say you forgive me now, Joan—punish me afterwards if you will."

Joan is swept away and, realising how dear he is to her, gives way and forgives him.

During the afternoon Aubrey Clitheroe calls. He brings strange tidings. A newspaper cutting he carries states that a claimant is wanted for the £100,000 fortune of a Mr. Ralph Vivian. The cutting adds that he had a brother called Ambrose Vivian, and that the heirs are wanted.

Joan Vivian is staggered, for the latter was her father. It makes the task of telling Clitheroe that she has forgiven Marston all the more difficult.

But Aubrey Clitheroe takes it very badly. "Let me tell you this," he says, sneeringly, as he goes. "Derek Marston knew all about that advertisement last night when he came back whining for forgiveness."

Joan Vivian is torn again with conflicting emotions. Had Derek only been playing with her love, after all? No; it could not be possible. And yet—

Joan challenges Derek openly with the story. She is shocked to see that his eyes waver, and he flushes. She forces him to admit that he did know about the advertisement, though he protests that it had nothing whatever to do with his coming back to her.

It seems to Joan that her worst fears are realised. In a moment of bitter, resentful anger she tells him that he is not speaking the truth. "You came back to me this morning with lies on your lips because you thought I was not penniless any more."

Almost without a word, Derek leaves her. Joan is heartbroken, because she knows all the time that she loves him.

In response to a wire, she calls on the solicitors who are looking for Mr. Vivian's heir. She hears there that he left a young widow, but that the will is so extraordinary that if she were to marry again she would lose all the money.

"And," adds the lawyer, "as she is in love with someone, she has renounced the fortune. He is, I believe, a really charming fellow—a Mr. Derek Marston."

Joan is staggered, and goes back to her rooms to think things over.

In the meantime, the young widow, Mrs. Lola Vivian, a pretty and vivacious Frenchwoman, calls on Clitheroe, whom she has known in the past, and over whom she has some hold. She tells him frankly that she loves Derek Marston, and that on this account she is sacrificing the fortune.

Clitheroe laughs sardonically. "You fool," he says, "why, Marston isn't in love with you. He's in love with your niece, Joan Vivian."

For a little while Lola Vivian is crushed. Then she rouses herself. "I will go and tell this girl everything," she says, "perhaps she will understand."

Clitheroe realising what this story will mean to Joan, and that it will estrange her further from Derek, urges her to do it. He laughs to himself as Lola goes off to call on Joan.

TWO WOMEN AND LOVE.

JOAN VIVIAN was sitting in the firelight when the ring came. As the thin sound of the electric bell thrilled through the silence of the flat something seemed to run along the girl's nerves like a scorching flame. It was this sound for which she had been waiting as she sat there in the semi-darkness. Every moment since her return from the office in Gray's Inn had been a moment of listening expectancy.

Derek Marston would come back; some in-



Every one of the letters she had received from Derek she had kept. As Joan read them again they seemed to be the ashes of her dead life.

stinct told her that. He would return to try to fool her again. She felt a sick distaste for herself that she had ever been so blind as to love this man.

The whole affair had been so crude. He had not even felt it necessary to be subtle in his determination to secure Ralph Vivian's fortune. The bitterness of it all was that there had been no necessity for him to be subtle. She had taken him back that morning without a struggle.

The girl's face was very white and set as she switched on the lights and crossed the tiny hall to the front door.

All her life the girl could remember the feeling of shrinking dread, of strange, illogical disappointment that swept her then. Not Derek, but a woman, this visitor who stood on the dimly lighted landing when she opened the door.

For a second neither spoke. Joan stared at the woman stupidly, vaguely aware of something familiar in her look, yet conscious that she was an utter stranger.

"Miss Vivian—Miss Joan Vivian? Yes?"

As the woman spoke Joan recognised her. It was the Frenchwoman who had asked her the way to Clitheroe's studio in Chelsea that afternoon. The sense of indefinable dread deepened.

"I am Joan Vivian," she replied.

The Frenchwoman put up her veil and looked at Joan with a tremulous little smile. In the dim light her charming face had a pathetic look, the deep eyes were shadowed.

"Then you are my niece," she said. "I hear of you only to-day—Joan, the daughter of my poor Ralph's brother. Is it not so? Joan—is it that you care to have the acquaintance of your poor foreign aunt?"

For a moment Joan could not speak. The landing, with its dim, flickering light, the figure of the woman before her with the wistful, pleading face, swayed indistinctly before her. This was the woman who loved Derek Marston.

Mrs. Vivian made an impulsive little movement forward.

"Ah, but I have startled you, little fool that I am! You look quite white and faint. You are not strong, Joan? Ask me to come in. I cannot force myself into your apartment, my dear. And—I want your friendship, oh, so much! I am so lonely, here in this great, sad London of yours!"

It was quite admirably done. The little pleading break in the soft voice, the swift gesture of the slim hands. Then she did not know, Joan told herself. She was nothing to this woman but the English girl, her niece. Mrs. Vivian had no knowledge of her friendship with the man she loved.

With an effort the girl pulled herself together, yet when she spoke she had a strangely awkward feeling—the feeling of some gauche school-girl who has been convicted of gross discourtesy.

"Oh, please, forgive me. Come in. How rude I am to stand staring at you like this. But you did really surprise me very much!"

The words stumbled together as Joan turned and led the way into the sitting-room.

There in the warmth and shaded lamp the Frenchwoman took Joan in her arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"How charming you are, my dear," she said. "Is that a liberty—for me to kiss you so? Are you cold, like all these English girls?" She held Joan away from her by the length of her arms, laughing softly. "Ah, but no! It is ice and fire. Fire under the snow, is it not so? Ah, but I am impertinent. You must forgive me, Joan. I feel that we are to be friends. Joan"—she repeated the name softly—"I love your beautiful old name. It is a link with my dear country. I have so great a devotion to the blessed Joan of Arc."

"I hope we shall be friends," Joan heard herself say.

It wasn't in the least true, but she must say something. Nothing, indeed, could have been further from the truth, she told herself desperately. She had no feelings of friendship or enmity towards this woman. She only wanted to be left alone.

Mrs. Vivian was proceeding to make herself quite at home. She had tossed off her hat with the same careless disregard for its appearance that she had displayed in Clitheroe's studio, and was examining her hair in the oval mirror that hung between the windows.

Looking across the room Joan could see the reflection of the vivid face in the glass. The long lashes, with their alluring, upward curve, made a shadow on the smooth cheek, the small boyish-looking head shone like a bird's wing in the lamplight. In spite of herself she was conscious of the strange attraction of this woman.

"And you live here all by yourself? Oh, but you are courageous, you Englishwomen. And—just for yourself you make a home, ah, but a home so charming! You have taste, but yes."

To commend a person for his or her taste was one of Lola Vivian's stock compliments. It was more effective in her native country, perhaps, than in England. But the warm tone of her voice would have conveyed to the most obtuse that something gratifying had been said.

"It's a beautiful old house," Joan said.

She had never felt so tongue-tied as she did in the presence of this woman, who was moving about the room examining everything with a charming air of unaffected interest that was as far apart as the poles from vulgar curiosity.

"Oh, the house!" Mrs. Vivian said. "Eighteenth century; yes. It is interesting enough. But it is your dear little gay room that I love—it is so far much better than merely beautiful. It is so peaceful—it is home. Are you very happy, Joan?"

"I have been very happy," Joan said, coldly. Lola Vivian came forward towards the fire and laid her hand on the chair from which Joan had risen at the sound of the bell.

"You were sitting here—in the firelight when I came? Yes? I thought so—that is how we women love to sit—when we are happy—or sad. Let us sit so again. You here and I close beside you, so that we may talk—oh, so intimately. It is strange how intimately it is possible to talk to one who whom one is not too well acquainted!"

As she spoke she stretched out her hand and switched off the light. The impulse came to Joan to instantly revoke the action, yet instead she sank down into the chair without a word, and was aware that her companion, with a curious little sigh, had dropped on her knees on the rug by her side and was holding out her hands to the fire.

Joan sat motionless and silent, a strange feeling as of one held by a spell was upon her. Her eyes were fixed on the slim hands outstretched to the fire, where the blood glowed delicately rose red against the flame.

Then all at once she was aware of a passionate movement of those slim, beautiful hands. The woman at her side rose to her feet with a little cry.

"Ah, but it is not possible!" Joan heard her say as though she spoke to herself, and the soft voice was almost harsh. "It is not possible!"

With disconcerting suddenness the lights leaped again into being, and Joan saw the vivid face above her, white and tortured-looking, the dark eyes lit by a sombre fire.

"Joan Vivian, I came here to-night to try and deceive you," the woman said; "to try and steal into your confidence—because—oh, because I have so great a reason to hate you!"

"Hate me?" Joan's voice trembled in spite of herself.

"Oh, yes; as a woman will hate the woman who has stolen the man she loves from her. For that is what you have done—knowingly or

OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL OF LOVE AND PASSION

By a New Author,
DOUGLAS HARLAND

(Illustrated by Nora Schlegel.)

unknowingly—what does it matter? Listen, it is true that I am the woman who married your uncle, Ralph Vivian—married that hard, bad, old man for the fortune I hoped he would some day leave me! But it is not as Ralph Vivian's wife that I come to you to-night—it is as the woman who loves Derek Marston—to ask you to give him back to me!"

"I DO NOT WANT TO MARRY."

JOAN'S fingers tightened on the back of the chair from which she had risen. The colour had rushed into her face at Mrs. Vivian's words, but otherwise she gave no outward sign of her emotion. Her grey eyes met the dark eyes steadily, and there was in them a flicker of that contempt which had scorched Derek Marston's heart as she had looked at him across the table in the Golden Butterfly restaurant.

"You are quite mistaken in thinking that Mr. Marston is anything to me," she said in a level voice.

"Oh!" Mrs. Vivian made an impatient movement of those expressive hands of hers. "At least let us be honest. You are angry with your lover for some reason, and so you speak this lie. But quite beyond that what really matters to me is—what are you to him?" "Nothing, nothing at all," Joan said, and there was something almost violent in her voice. "Why do you ask me these questions that you should yourself be able to answer? To-day I have been told by Mr. Mathieson that you are engaged to be married to Mr. Marston—that you have given him a very signal proof of your affection in renouncing for him the fortune that came to you on the death of your husband."

As she spoke Joan was conscious of a faint wonder at herself. Voice, phrasing—the petty spite underlying those last words—were all so utterly alien to the girl she had been only yesterday.

"You are very cruel—very ungenerous. I throw myself on your pity, and you treat me with contempt!" The soft voice that had grown harsh under the stress of emotion, broke. Mrs. Vivian threw herself face downwards on the couch and broke into a storm of tears.

For a moment Joan stood looking at the slight form broken with sobs, and her eyes were very hard. This was the woman who had robbed her of Derek—who had tempted him with her money, who had—

Oh, no—oh, no! How false that was. This woman was not to blame, any more than she herself was to blame. It was the man, selfish, as all men are, the man who had played with hearts as a child plays with its toys. It was the man only on whom censure and contempt should fall.

Impulsively she went over and knelt by the couch, remembering in this moment, not her own sore heart and cruelly wounded pride, but only that awful desolation which had surged up over her in this room last night, when there was no human soul in all the world to whom she might go for sympathy.

"Don't, please don't," she said. "There is nothing whatever to cry about. It's all a big mistake. It is perfectly honest for me to say that Mr. Marston is nothing to me. I have decided to accept my uncle's money, and you know the conditions that are attached to the inheritance. I must not marry, and, indeed, I do not want to marry."

Even in her own ears there was a curious ring of conviction in her tone. It was true. She did not wish to marry. All at once it seemed to her that she hated men and marriage and all that marriage meant.

She was glad to be out of it all—glad to be independent—free to live her own life, she told herself almost exultantly, as she laid her hand on Lola Vivian's quivering shoulder.

Mrs. Vivian sat up and looked at her. Tears did not beautify her, especially when, as in this case, they were tears of jealous anger.

"Is it true?" she asked.

"Quite true. I saw the lawyers this afternoon. There are formalities to be gone through, of course, but I am looking forward to going down to Kelburne Court very soon."

"Oh, but how strange—how unexpected," Lola Vivian murmured a little blankly. There was something positively disconcerting in this easily won victory. "I thought—I do not know what I thought. Only, Joan, when a woman loves a man as I love Derek Marston she is jealous of every shadow. He is all the world to me—what can I say—dearer to me than my own life? Oh, but that means so little! One's life is so absolutely dependent on the good will of those we love. But, after what he was to me in those dark days when Ralph—"

She caught up one of Joan's hands and kissed it passionately.

"Le bon Dieu send that you may never know even a whisper of the misery that was mine when Derek Marston first came into my life."

With a little caressing movement she drew the girl down beside her on the couch, and, sitting there, Joan's cold hand held fast in her burning one, told her a little of what she had told Clitheroe—of her life as Ralph Vivian's wife; of his jealous and petty meanness; his vindictive jealousy. . . . of what the coming of Derek Marston into her life had been.

"He gave me something to live for," she whispered. "He taught me the meaning of honour and of faith—of patience and of love that looks for no reward."

The words seemed to sear Joan Vivian's heart as she listened.

"He gave me something to live for."

That was the refrain her heart had sung—yesterday—could it be only yesterday?—when

(Continued on page 19.)

April in the Garden

HOW TO GROW WATER LILIES.

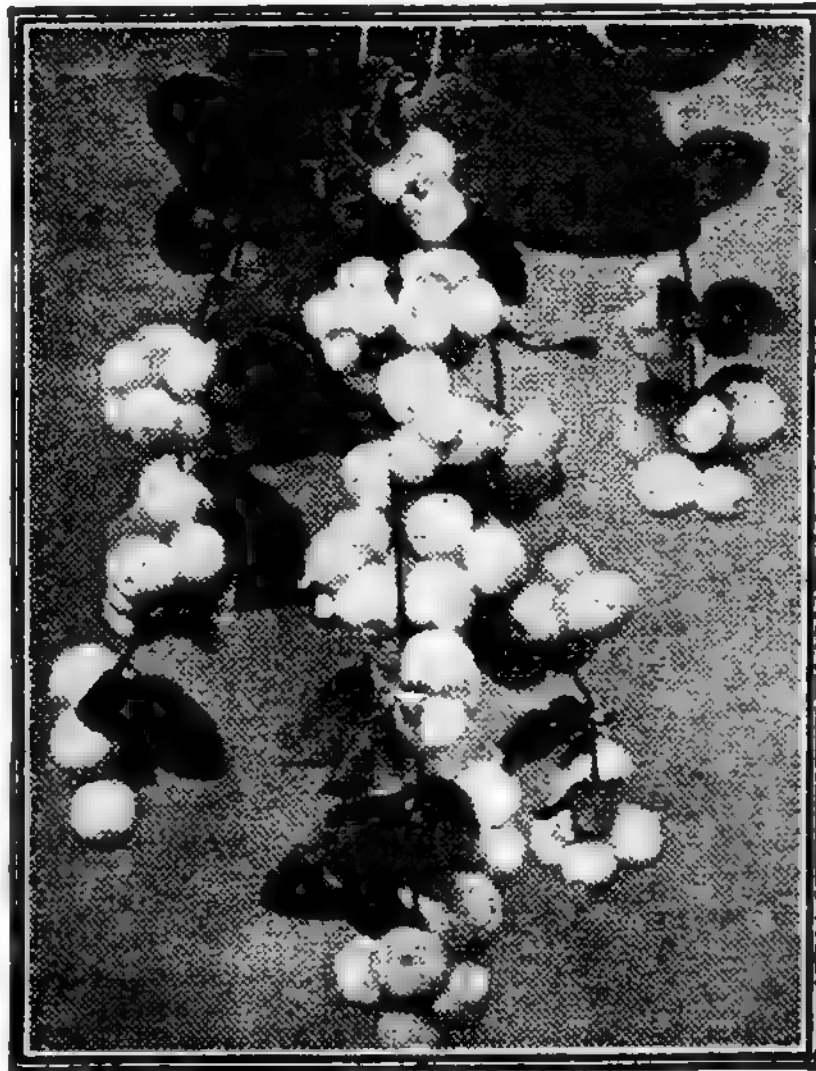
THE flowering trees and shrubs of early spring do much to make the garden beautiful during April; they deserve to be more extensively grown. The most popular of all is, perhaps, the showy almond, which seems to do especially well in towns. The cydonias (or pyrus japonicas, as they are often called), with their white, red, rose and salmon-pink flowers, are indispensable; they should be seen covering sunny walls or forming wide-spreading bushes in the open. Then there are the graceful forsythias with bright yellow bells, the early barberries and spiræas, the double peach—one of the loveliest of all—and the favourite flowering currants.

Various Poppies.

THE papaver family gives us some of our most brilliant summer flowers. The most showy of all are the gorgeous Oriental varieties—plants that succeed in almost any ground. There is just time to plant them in deeply dug soil. The crimson kind is the Oriental poppy usually seen, but there are now precious hybrids with salmon, orange, pink and orange-scarlet flowers in many delightful shades. For the rockery the dainty alpine poppies are pretty little plants; here the Iceland varieties may also be set. There are many annual species in this family; if only one sort can be grown, let it be the Shirley varieties. Sow these at once in a sunny bed, thinning them out well later on.

Water Lilies.

It is not generally known that water lilies are quite easy to grow. The possessor of a pond should certainly plant these most exquisite of all aquatics (nymphæas). A depth of about one foot of water is needed, the roots being set in baskets of soil and sunk where required. Water lilies can also be cultivated in tanks and artificial basins, providing a foot of rich mould can be given them. Even in tubs—barrels sawn



Symphoricarpus mollis—a hardy berry-bearing shrub.—(Amateur Gardening.)

in half are suitable—the smaller species (such as pygmaea helvola and alba) do well. Sink the tubs in rockwork and grow plants around them. The common water lily (alba) needs deep water and much room, but there are several lovely kinds bearing white, crimson, yellow, rose and red blossoms which succeed in smaller areas. Nymphæas may be planted this month. It is most important to set them in the full sun. E. L.

I'LL MAKE YOU WANT ME."

(Continued from page 18.)

she had walked home from the office to her flat, because this man had singled her out "of all the world of women" to be his wife.

She stood up with an abrupt movement, and the dark eyes under the charmingly curved lashes were quick to see the look of anguish that rested for a moment on the girl's white face.

Ah! so it had not been so easily won after all, this victory. The thought filtered through to her heart with a slow, sweet sense of satisfaction.

Soon, but not too soon, she rose to take her leave. The parting between the women was admirable in its restraint. Mrs. Vivian found herself unable to repress a certain admiration for this girl who concealed her hurt so splendidly. Yet mingling with the admiration was something that might very easily be kindled into hatred. This was the woman whom Derek Marston loved.

Even yet, if she were not very careful, she might lose this man for whom she was playing such desperate stakes.

"Perhaps you will allow me to come and see you when you are settled at Kelburne Court," she said. "My husband often spoke of the old house—it is in a charming part of the country, I believe—yet Ralph always seemed to hate the name of it."

"You must come whenever you wish," Joan said, and smiled.

That was the memory of her that Mrs. Vivian carried away with her that night. A tall, slim girl with a white and very lovely face and grey eyes out of which had looked a tragic pain that gave the lie to the smiling lips.

The rain had ceased as Derek Marston turned definitely homeward at last. Ever since he had blundered out of the little restaurant at Chelsea, blind with anger and wounded pride, he had been wandering through the streets like a man who strives to shake off some pursuer.

What a mess he had made of his life! All the day the words had been ringing through his brain. What a hopeless mess he had made of his life!

It was only ten o'clock now, yet already London appeared to have coiled herself for her brief sleep.

Until that moment when Joan had flung that ugly accusation at him across the table, he had forgotten everything but the fact of their reconciliation. The remembrance of the previous night had been blotted out; the unspeakable thing he had come so near doing—the wrong to himself and to the other woman of marrying without love simply for the sake of the money that would enable him to carry on the career on which he had set his heart.

But with the closing of the doors of the restaurant behind him he had been scourged by remembrance. All through the long hours it had driven him on and on.

The wrong to two women... to the woman he loved and to that other woman whom he feared loved him.

He had never spoken of love to Lola Vivian, but there is a language in which there are no spoken words... this woman trusted him very greatly, believed in his honour... he was conscious of grave wrong done to this other woman.

And Joan! Every thought of her was a stab to his heart. Joan, to whom he had brought such cruel suffering. But she must not be allowed to suffer. He must not let pride come between them. To-morrow he must go to her and tell her the truth about Ralph Vivian's money.

He walked down Chandos-street and went slowly upstairs to his chambers. As he let himself in by his latchkey it was as though something came out of those darkened rooms to meet him. Something that carried his thoughts back with a swift rush to a warm, shaded room in a lonely Canadian house, where an old man dozed in a chair by the stove and a young woman sat with a strip of soft white material in her beautiful hands, sewing perpetually at a seam which never seemed any nearer the end...

Lola Vivian... the conviction swept over Marston that the woman must have been in his rooms to-night. And yet—how absurd. Why should she do such an outrageous thing? Outrageous for any woman, but sheer madness for one in her position.

Of course, the idea was sheerly absurd. And yet the atmosphere seemed subtly tinged with that faint elusive perfume that had always clung about her.

He gave a little nervous laugh as he switched on the lights. What a fool he was. What a fool a man could be where the obsession of a perfume was concerned.

The room, round which his eyes roved anxiously as the light revealed it, was empty, but something about the big writing-table, something unusual, yet familiar, gripped his eyes and held them.

Lola Vivian had been there. A startled exclamation escaped him.

She had cleared a little space on the big, untidy writing-table, the table that his own man did not dare to touch—he could almost see her as she did it—the rapid sweep of her beautiful slim white hands. A withering bunch of Parma violets lay scattered over the table. The pen was still in the ink, and on the blotting-paper, its white fairness marred by many blots, lay a letter.

He tore it open and read it through.

Then she had done this thing—this irreparable thing! It was hard to believe, even knowing her as he did, that she could have acted in so outrageous a fashion. To renounce her fortune on the pretext that she was going to marry him—that was bad enough. But to go to Joan and tell her this monstrous tissue of false hood...

For a moment as he stood there in the quiet room the world came to Derek Marston through the red veil of hatred.

This woman to whom he had shown so many kindnesses—whom he had treated with a chivalrous consideration when other men would have taken what the opportunity offered of flirtation and amusement... that it should be through her that the end of his hopes should have come.

Joan... what could Joan be thinking of him now? A vision of her face as it had looked at him across the table in the little restaurant rose up before him now. The grey eyes with that glint of scorn in them... those eyes that had held out to him the promise of lovely things.

Joan must think him beyond contempt now. A man who had played shuttlecock with two women's hearts, a coward and a liar. Joan, who only that morning had laid her hand on his head as he knelt beside her knee, with the absorption that only a woman who loves can give.

With a bitter exclamation he crushed Lola's letter in his hand.

Then, as he stood there, dark-faced and frowning, he was conscious of a little rustling sound. He looked up sharply. Lola Vivian herself stood in the doorway, looking across at him with a curious expression, half pleading, half mocking, on her lovely face.

There will be another splendid instalment of this fine story next week.

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First choose any one of the following—

Thirty Examples from Which You May Construct Simplets:

My wife's dress	What father wants	In debt	The doctor
Where's little Willie	Home to tea	Blank cheque	Looking ahead
Simple addition	Anxious moment	Tommy's ambition	Secret service
What next	Cheerful news	British lion	On the spree
Paid in full	Pleases the missus	Broker's man	Better drop it
Upper crust	East Prussia	Lapland	Lady in waiting
Touching	Spring gardening	Roll of honour	
Counting his chickens	Easily led	Battlefield	

Then take the FIRST or LAST letters of the example chosen and give two or three words, the FIRST of which must begin with the FIRST or LAST letter of the example chosen and the LAST of which must BEGIN with the FIRST or LAST letter of the example chosen. If preferred, competitors may use the same initial letter for both first and last word, provided the example chosen begins or ends with that letter. When three words are chosen in constructing a Simplet, any word may be used as the middle word.

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Signed
Address

EXAMPLE
SIMPLET
(Not more than THREE WORDS may be used.) Send the WHOLE COUPON even if only One Example be used.

EXAMPLE
SIMPLET
S.P. A Sixpenny Postal Order Must Accompany This Coupon. Stamps not Accepted.

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The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided.
THE CLOSING DATE OF THE COMPETITION IS TUESDAY, APRIL 20

OUTDOOR AND INDOOR SPORT: BROTHERS RIDE A DEAD HEAT AT NEWBURY.



Gillean at Lingfield Park in the Novices' Steeplechase, in a precarious position. But he soon regained his seat. The spectators of the event were very excited for a few moments.



At Newbury, in the Greenham Stakes, Let Fly (A) and Sunfire (B) ran a dead-heat. They were ridden by the two brothers, E. Huxley and W. Huxley.



An England player receiving a very hot pass in the England match.



The ladies are expert at lacrosse. The photograph was taken at Richmond yesterday in the English Team (1914) v. Roedean School.



An exciting game between the R.A.M.C. and the Barbarians at Richmond yesterday. (1) A Barbarian tackled, but in a most gentlemanly fashion; and (2) The Army in pursuit—in the whole-hearted style we expect of the men when they begin to tackle the Hun in May on the greater field of battle.

MAINLY * FOR * WOMEN

CHARM OF THE FAN PRETTY MANNEQUINS.



The Marchioness of Headfort, whose husband has been appointed an aide-de-camp on the Personal Staff. He was formerly a lieutenant in the Life Guards. The above is a new portrait. (Sarony.)

"James Erskine," is commanding one of the home regiments.

An Echo.

It seems a long time since he invited criticism behind the footlights, and it is a long time since he was first seen in Sir Arthur Pinero's play, "Trelawney of the Wells," in which he played lover to Miss Irene Vanbrugh. Much water has flowed beneath the bridges since those days, and the present Lady Rosslyn is one of the most charming and favourite members of a family that has been as remarkable for its personal charm as for its unconventional attitude to the world in general.

Women Journalists.

I remember a good many years ago, when Millicent Duchess of Sutherland was younger but no less beautiful than she is now, that she was president of the Society of Women Journalists. When she first took the chair at a general meeting she made a little speech in which she expressed her interest in journalism and her appreciation of the work that women were doing in that particular profession. "You see I know a good deal about it," she said, rather naively, "for my brother, Lord Rosslyn, is a journalist, therefore I feel in close touch with its works and ways."

Fan Flutters.

Fans are slowly creeping back into favour. If they do become universal again it will be due to the efforts of one or two ladies who for a few weeks past at first nights have conspicuously utilised enormous fans. Now others are following suit.

A Thing of Sentiment.

There was always a charm about a fan, and a pretty girl could make a lot of play with it. Somehow it seems a part of feminine equipment. It is also an ideal present. Years ago it was always a sentimental gift, and little intimate histories were attached to fans. In the eighties, coquettes used to have collections of them, like scalps, and each with its own particular history.

"Joseph's Remnants!"

I discovered a novel way of making use of odd pieces of material at a house I visited the other day. Innumerable pieces of cloth are



The Hon. Mrs. Richard Legh (daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough), who has just given birth to a son. (Lallie Charles.)

sewn together in the shape of a blanket. This many-coloured object is then encased in khaki flannel and, when finished, it makes a splendid warm blanket for a cold "Tommy" in the trenches.

Reversing Things.

The little tight-fitting "Eton jacket" coat is being worn with the full skirt. When the hobble skirt flourished the loose coat was its partner. It's a world of ups and downs, a fact clearly demonstrated by Dame Fashion.

The Fashion Tea.

I went into the Savoy last Thursday afternoon, and found myself in the midst of a dense mass of people who had come to the "Fashion Tea and Concert," which was being given for the benefit of the Belgian Fund on King Albert's birthday. I don't think these sort of things are really particularly successful unless attended by people with enormous quantities of money who are willing to "chuck it about" and make things hum to a golden tune. It seems to me that most of the people who turned up at the Savoy on Thursday chiefly came to "see things," and not to take part in the auction of "model gowns," which was the chief feature of the afternoon's entertainment. There were singularly few men present and a singular absence of khaki.

Sad Music.

Pretty actresses—Miss Sarah Brooke, Miss Lydia Bilbrooke, Miss Isobel Elsom, Miss Iris Hoey, Miss Auriel Lee, Miss Hilda Moore, Miss Ruth Vincent, and, of course, Miss Ethel Levey—walked about among the hundreds of people sitting at the tea-tables in the foyer, and then, after a very mournful recitation by Miss Anna Stannard of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Ave," followed by an almost equally depressing singing of Gounod's "Ave Maria" by Miss Gleeson-White, one by one appeared on the platform erected at one side of the room, while Mr. Joseph Coyne and Mr. "Potash" Yorke sold the gowns they wore to the highest bidder.

"Delivering the Goods."

Ethel Levey's gown of black net over black satin with a long trail of pink roses down the front fetched twenty-six guineas, and Miss Sarah Brooke, a dainty vision also in black, had her gown "knocked down" for twenty-one guineas. It was on the understanding that Mr. Coyne would himself "deliver the goods" that Miss Auriel Lee's salmon pink confection was sold for fourteen pounds, while Miss Hilda Moore, looking amazingly artistic and beautiful in a queerly-cut dress of black and gold, secured twenty-two guineas as the price of its purchase.

A Pretty Mannequin.

Miss Viola Tree made an excellent mannequin, and she "bid up" on the dress she wore (a royal blue taffeta with a wide skirt and a chiffon bodice) until she had it knocked down for fourteen guineas. Miss Ruth Vincent, wonderfully pretty in a rose pink soft satin dress cut rather on the lines of a dressing-gown, was not so fortunate. Her dress only fetched twelve guineas, while Miss Fay Davis in another pink dress was visibly discomfited because there was no bid beyond eleven pounds for her costume.

Changed Address.

Mrs. Charles Maude, who is known on the stage as Miss Nancy Price, no longer lives in that beautiful, old-fashioned house in Russell-square, where at one time there were so many pleasant and informal little gatherings. Nowadays she inhabits a lovely old-world place called The Barns, near Pinner, and she finds it an ideal residence. She has been very ill lately with the usual thing—a bad attack of influenza, and she has been obliged to cancel her engagement to appear next week at "The People's Theatre" (Victoria Hall) as Ophelia.

Ropes and Rascals.

Miss Price, besides doing a great amount of good work for and among the soldiers, is also writing a book, which she thinks of calling "Ropes, Roads and Rascals." It certainly is an original title and one that ought to lead to all sorts of interesting thoughts and stories. That clever actor, Mr. Charles Maude, who is Miss Price's husband, has, by the way, lately received his commission as captain with the Royal Lancashire Regiment.

Ermine.

Ermine is a fur, I notice, that is being worn a great deal at present—not so much for coats but for stoles. It relieves a black gown, and is much more effective than a sable stole with black. At the wedding of the Hon. Neil Primrose and Lady Victoria Stanley I noticed that Queen Alexandra wore ermine, Princess Maud had quite a large ermine fur, Mrs. Winston Churchill had an ermine collar, and many others, too, wore this picturesque fur.

Petticoat Opposition.

A great deal of the unpopularity of the full skirt is due to the modern dislike to the petticoats which must be worn under the "crinoline" and other voluminous skirts. In the days of the hobble skirts petticoats were a thing of the past, and the revival does not seem to be welcomed.



The Queen's Primroses.

One of the prettiest incidents at the great Primrose-Stanley wedding last Wednesday at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was when Queen Alexandra took a bunch of primroses from the hand of a tiny child standing on the edge of the crowd as she passed by, and tucked it into the lace of her dress with a smile and a little nod of appreciation. Her Majesty has a wonderful art of doing the right thing at the right time, and those who saw the gracious and simple act of kindness felt as if they had witnessed quite a private scene that had taken place within the screen that is usually stretched around royalty.

The Banished Muff.

Muffs seem to be little used at present. Of course, it is spring time—almost—but the winds are still bitterly cold, yet the great pillow muff of last year is practically never seen. It is curious, too, as some of the muffs of the winter



Miss Emily Doris Davies, youngest daughter of Mr. J. H. W. Davies, St. John's Park, Blackheath, who is to marry Flight-Commander Edward Osmond, R.N., Royal Naval Flying Corps. (Swaine.)



Miss Constance Monica Penrose, youngest daughter of Brigadier-General Penrose, C.B., Alverstoke, Hants, who is engaged to be married to Lieutenant Jordayne Cave-Bixley, R.F.A., of Harborne, Staffs.

of 1913-14 were large enough to act as a carriage rug and to cover the knees in a motor. It is going from one extreme to the other to banish the muff.

Pork Pie Hats.

The new turban hat, so closely resembling a pork pie in shape, is made in strange materials. Gold tissue and weird metal brocades are being employed to make exclusive "creations," and they are completed by a long-thrown-back veil, which helps to soften an irregular profile.

Crowns of Glory.

What curious creatures women are! I know an attractive girl, one of whose special lures in the way of fascination has always been to my mind her hair, which is all sorts of shades, from light brown to palest gold. I have never seen hair quite like it. Its beauty is as rare as it is conspicuous. I met her the other day and noted with horror that she had converted her natural "crown of glory" into a harsh, solid mass of vulgar brass with a tinge of red in it.

Got So Bored.

"Why did you do it?" I asked despairingly. Her reply was: "I got so bored with my queer-coloured hair that I thought I'd like to try something new." Could folly go much further in the way of personal disfigurement? Fancy preferring blatant brass to real spun gold. I am still grieving over that henna-crowned head, and only pray that its owner may come to a sense of reason in regard to its original beauty before it is too late.

The Full Sleeve.

Are we going to tolerate the enormous full sleeves that Parisian dressmakers tell us are the latest mode? I sincerely hope not, for they are bulky and, nowadays that everybody is bulging and billowing in big skirts, make the "female form divine" absolutely absurd. Of course, if they really "come in" you and I and most other women who like to keep up to date in our clothes will wear them, but the craze for exaggeration which attacked us when we were "slinking" our way through life with the scantiest possible amount of material, now seems to have taken a change for the worse, for we are over-doing it mightily, and we are using up too much material.

A "Reserve" Concert.

I am told of brave doings that are to take place at the Battersea Town Hall next Thursday evening, where a concert is being arranged for the wives and families of the Battersea Battalion of the National Reserve. Robert Michaelis (who is one of the special constables at the Albany-street Police Station)—(girls, look out for him, he is sometimes on duty!)—is going to sing, and Karina, the Danish dancer, who is a personal protégé of Queen Alexandra, is going to dance with some of her pupils. Two very brilliant singers, Miss Bessie Mark (an American operatic soprano) and Miss Viola Damory, will sing among a host of other talented folk.

A TOWN MOUSE.

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EVERY WEEK BY
160,000
SHOPKEEPERS.



DERBY AND PRESTON PROMOTED.

Further Defeats and Greater Danger for Tottenham and Chelsea.

WATFORD WINNING THE SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Derby County and Preston North End have earned the right to compete in First Division football next season. Derby County were practically certain of promotion weeks ago, but Preston only made their place assured by drawing at Clapton yesterday. Barnsley, the North End's nearest attendants, can only get 47 points, a mark already passed by Derby County and by Preston North End. The two leaders have yet to meet at Preston, and the championship of the division may depend on the match.

In the First Division Manchester City were not playing yesterday, and as the result of a victory over Sheffield United, Oldham Athletic pass to the head of the table. Sheffield Wednesday also went up two points at the expense of Chelsea, so that Oldham, Manchester City and the Wednesday are all still well in the running for the premiership.

At the other end of the table Manchester United drew with Middlesbrough and Notts County could only have points with Burnley. Bolton were also concerned in a draw with Newcastle, and as both Tottenham Hotspur and Chelsea failed, the last-named now drop back into the last two places, but are level on points with Manchester United. Notts County, Bolton Wanderers and Tottenham Hotspur are a point in front, and such a state of things renders the fight to avoid "the wooden spoon" as interesting as the battle for the championship.

With Watford successful and both Reading and West Ham failing yesterday, the first-named club have a three points lead in the Southern League over Reading and Cardiff City, who go up above West Ham. Watford's remaining fixtures are not teasers, and they should at least take two points off Gillingham, so that the championship appears well within their grasp. As Southend and Gillingham both lost yesterday they are doomed to relegation.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS AND LEAGUE POSITIONS.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.											
Blackburn (h)	4	Tottenham H.	0	Arsenal (h)	3	Bury	1	Northampton (h)	4	Gillingham	0
Bolton (h)	0	Newcastle U.	0	Birmingham (h)	3	Grimsby	0	Southampton (h)	4	Brighton	2
Bradford (h)	2	Aston Villa	2	Clapton O. (h)	1	Preston N. E.	1	Croydon (h)	0	Exeter	0
Manchester U. (h)	2	Middlesbrough	2	Derby Co. (h)	1	Bristol City	0	Bristol R. (h)	1	Luton	1
Notts C. (h)	0	Burnley	0	Fulham (h)	2	Glossop	0	Millwall (h)	1	Southampton	1
Oldham A. (h)	3	Sheffield U.	0	Hull City (h)	2	Leicester F.	1	Queen's Pk. (h)	4	Swindon	2
Sunderland (h)	1	Bradford City	1	Leeds City (h)	4	Notts Forest	0	Plymouth (h)	1	West Ham	0
Sheffield W. (h)	3	Chelsea	2	Lincoln C. (h)	1	Huddersfield	1	Watford (h)	2	Norwich City	1
Everton	2	W. Brom. A. (h)	1	Wolves (h)	2	Blackpool	0	Crystal Palace	3	Southend (h)	2
				Barnsley	2	Stockport (h)	1	Cardiff City	2	Reading (h)	1

Goals							
P	W	L	D	F. A. Pts.			
Oldham A.	34	17	7	10	68	48	44
Manchester U.	35	15	7	13	47	31	43
Sheffield W.	36	15	9	12	61	53	42
Everton	35	17	11	7	71	44	41
Blackburn R.	36	17	12	7	78	59	41
Sunderland	36	17	14	5	75	70	39
W. Brom. A.	34	16	12	10	55	39	38
Bradford C.	35	12	9	14	54	45	38
Sheffield U.	34	13	9	12	43	37	38
Bradford	34	16	12	7	61	60	37
Burnley	34	15	13	6	55	44	36
Middlesbrough	35	12	12	11	58	69	35
Aston V.	34	12	12	10	67	34	34
Liverpool	35	11	9	9	59	59	31
Newcastle U.	34	9	15	10	40	44	23
Notts	36	7	16	13	33	57	27
Bolton W.	35	10	18	7	65	82	27
Tottenham H.	36	8	17	11	56	84	27
Chelsea	35	7	14	12	43	54	26
Manchester U.	35	7	16	12	41	58	26

Goals							
P	W	L	D	F. A. Pts.			
Derby C.	36	22	7	7	69	31	51
Preston N.E.	36	19	7	10	58	40	48
Parnassus	36	20	13	3	43	51	43
The Arsenal	36	18	13	5	62	38	41
Wolverhampton	35	18	12	5	73	49	41
Birmingham	34	17	11	6	60	35	40
Hull City	34	17	12	5	59	48	39
Huddersfield	35	16	13	6	57	42	38
Fulham	36	15	14	7	53	44	37
Clapton O.	36	14	13	9	47	48	37
Stockport C.	36	15	16	5	51	67	35
Bristol City	36	14	16	6	59	54	34
Bury	36	13	15	8	56	54	34
Blackpool	35	14	16	5	49	56	33
Leeds City	36	14	16	4	63	57	32
Lincoln C.	36	11	16	9	43	60	31
Grimsby T.	35	11	16	8	47	67	30
Notts F.	36	10	17	9	43	69	29
Leicester F.	36	9	23	5	42	85	22
Glossop	36	6	25	5	30	84	17

Goals							
P	W	L	D	F. A. Pts.			
Watford	36	20	8	8	63	43	48
Cardiff City	36	21	12	3	66	36	45
Reading	36	19	10	7	63	43	45
West Ham	36	18	9	9	56	44	44
Swindon T.	36	15	10	11	76	56	41
Northampton	34	15	8	11	47	40	41
Millwall	35	15	10	10	47	41	40
Portsmouth	35	15	12	9	51	42	39
Southampton	35	17	14	4	69	71	38
Exeter C.	36	15	13	8	50	37	38
Brighton	35	14	14	7	43	45	35
O.P. Rangers	36	12	13	11	51	53	35
Luton	36	12	16	8	43	56	35
Crystal P.	35	12	15	8	43	56	32
Norwich C.	35	10	13	12	50	55	32
Bristol R.	36	13	20	3	52	72	29
Plymouth A.	35	7	14	14	47	54	28
Croydon C.	37	9	19	9	46	61	27
Southend U.	36	8	20	7	36	61	23
Gillingham	36	6	22	8	39	77	20

OLDHAM BEAT CUP FINALISTS.

Oldham were too good for the Cup finalists, Sheffield United, at Oldham yesterday, and won easily by 3 to 0. Against the wind and sun Oldham played great football at the start, and Wilson scored with a fine shot. Wilson also headed in from a corner, and Fazakerley turned the ball into the net.

Oldham were quickly on the attack in the second half, and Moffat increased their lead with a magnificent shot from a pass back by Gee. Sheffield seldom got dangerous, but once Kitchen tried a surprise shot, which Mathews saved. Pilkington also drove inches wide, and Gough saved a sparkling volley from Moffat.

TOTTENHAM'S BAD OUTLOOK.

A defeat from Blackburn Rovers by 4-1 on the latter's ground sustained yesterday may possibly doom Tottenham Hotspur to relegation. The Londoners can urge little in the way of excuse, for during the first half of the game their forwards and halves were overplayed and their defence broke down badly. During that period the Rovers scored three times, the first goal coming from a penalty given against Steel and kicked by Crompton. Dawson headed the second from a centre by Hodgkinson, and Orr obtained the third point.

A decided improvement was noticeable in the play of the 'Spurs after change of ends. With the exception of Jacques, they had shown great weakness in defence, but now made some amends. Dawson further increased the Rovers' lead, and then Bliss scored for the 'Spurs from a penalty against Crompton, who got in the way of a fast drive by Middlemiss, which struck him on the arm.

CHELSEA'S FINE FIGHT.

Although without Harrow and Halse, Chelsea put up a splendid fight against Sheffield Wednesday at Hillaboro, and in the end were only beaten by three goals to two. Sheffield, who were at full strength, had to defend at first, and only three minutes had gone by when Croal went through to give Chelsea the lead. Playing up strongly, however, the home side soon got on terms through McLean. Molyneux, the Chelsea goalkeeper, was in excellent form, and nearing half-time he made a number of splendid clearances.

Wednesday's forwards, during the first half, had been very well near goal, but they improved greatly in the second half. Ford, by a thrilling dribble, enabled Thomson to score after twenty-two minutes, but the Wednesday, playing strongly, got ahead ten minutes later through McLean and Wilson. Dawson afterwards saved splendidly from Croal. Wednesday had the best of matters towards the close, but the Chelsea wings were dangerous more than once.

DERBY STILL ON TOP.

A 1-0 victory on their own ground over Bristol City consolidated Derby's position as leaders in the Second League. Seven thousand spectators saw the game, which was played in lovely weather, and at an excellent pace. The score would indicate that there was little choice between the teams, but in fact Derby well deserved their success. They were the better team in the first half during which they secured a capital goal, scored by Moore after twenty minutes. Neesam twice missed chances for Bristol, the second mistake after ends were changed being a glaring blunder. Brown also struck the crossbar. The visiting forwards lacked combination.

MID-WEEK FOOTBALL.

TUESDAY.—League, Division I.—Oldham Athletic v. Burnley, Liverpool v. Sheffield United.
WEDNESDAY.—League, Division I.—Bradford v. Everton, Bolton Wanderers v. Chelsea.
THURSDAY.—League, Division II.—Hull City v. Huddersfield Town.

PRESTON'S POSITION SAFE.

Preston North End assured themselves of one of the two first places in the Second Division table this season by drawing with Clapton Orient at Homerton yesterday, the final score being one goal all. The Orient, for whom Layton played at centre forward, while Huxall was back in goal, had the best of the opening exchanges, and secured the lead through Dalrymple after ten minutes' play. After this the game was fairly even until Macauley scored for Preston late in the second half. The visitors then pressed to the finish without being able to beat the defence again.

NO HOPE FOR GLOSSOP.

At Craven Cottage, before 4,000 spectators, Fulham beat Glossop by 2-0, thus leaving the visitors with no hope of escaping bottom position in the Second Division of the League. The football throughout was of a moderate character. Fulham pressed throughout the first half without scoring, and after crossing over continued to make poor shooting practice. Cannon missing more than once. At length that player made amends by putting in some really neat work, and he scored both goals that eventually fell to Fulham's share.

ARSENAL IN FORM.

Although the clubs are not in the running for promotion, the meeting of the Arsenal and Bury attracted 12,000 people to the Highbury enclosure. Excellent form was shown by the Arsenal, who won by 3 goals to 1. Their attacks during the first half were very persistent, and twice Flanagan found the net for them. Bury were awarded a penalty kick for hands, but Mercer shot wide. Soon after crossing over Blyth increased the Arsenal's lead, and Bury continued to have the worst of the play, although towards the end Duffy kicked a goal for them.

WATFORD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

Watford greatly improved their prospects of winning the Southern League championship by defeating Norwich City, at Watford yesterday, by 2 goals to 1. The home team were at full strength, but Molyneux appeared in the Norwich team in place of Collins, who is on the injured list. In the first half the only score was a goal, scored by Kennedy for Watford, from a penalty kick awarded for a foul on Edmonds. Taylor equalised shortly after the resumption, from a centre by Woods, but just before the finish Edmonds gave Watford the victory.

WEST HAM LOSE AT PLYMOUTH

West Ham put up a fine fight at Plymouth yesterday, but the Argyle won by the only goal scored. Both teams were at full strength, the Argyle having Bowler and McCormick back. There was little of interest in the first half, when West Ham failed to benefit from a strong wind. In the second half the Argyle did most of the attacking and Bowler scored from a free kick taken by McCormick.

PORTSMOUTH'S GOOD WINGS.

Millwall and Portsmouth played a one goal all draw at New Cross before 8,000 spectators. The home team scored first through Williams five minutes after the start, but then Portsmouth improved and with their wing forwards playing finely they more than held their own for the rest of the match. Soon after half time Turner brought the scores level, but though the visitors later made a great effort to get ahead the defence prevailed to the end.

The ten rounds contest between Jim Prendy and Jack Daniels at the Ring last night ended in a draw. In the ladies' lacrosse match at Richmond yesterday the English team beat Roedean School by 12 goals to 7.

ARMY RUGBY FOR CHARITY.

Barbarians Take Their Chances and Beat R.A.M.C.

On the Old Deer Park at Richmond the Barbarians beat the R.A.M.C. by 1 dropped goal and 2 tries to 1 try. It was a splendid match between two first-class teams, and a company of three or four thousand people assembled, so that the aid to the funds of the British Red Cross Society should be fairly substantial. In the first few minutes the R.A.M.C. forwards scored the first try. There was a rush, and Dingle, missing the ball, let in Minch, who sent Dowse over for the latter to score. Quinn failed with the place kick. After that the football to half-time was splendid, but no further scoring took place.

Throughout the second half there was little between the sides, but the Barbarians took their chances, and won. Higgins made a beautiful opening to get Butcher, of Devon, in with the equalising try. Then Geen made an opening for Dingle to score. C. D. Roberts failed in each attempt to convert. The R.A.M.C. were several times nearly through, and then, in the closing stages, Higgins cut through and passed to Roberts, who dropped a goal. Perhaps the best feature in a great match was the play of Higgins (an old Edwardian) at outside half for the Barbarians.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Division II.—Brentford (h) 6, Pontypool (h) 1, Merthyr Town 0.									
SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Airdrie (h) 3, Raith Rovers 3; Ayr United (h) 0, Dundee 0; Dumbarton (h) 1, Motherwell (h) 1; Falkirk (h) 3, Kilmarnock 2; Hamilton 4, Partick Thistle (h) 1; Morton (h) 2, Hearts 0; Hibernians (h) 4, Queen's Park 0; St. Mirren (h) 0, Rangers 0; Celtic (h) 1, Aberdeen 0.									
LONDON LEAGUE.—Grays Athletic (h) 2, Catford 0; South End (h) 3, Green Old Boys (h) 3, Finchley 1.									
SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.—Bristol City R. (h) 1, Croydon R. 0; Swindon R. (h) 0, Rangers R. 0; West Ham United R. (h) 1, Orient R. 0; Luton R. (h) 6, Boscombe 1; Tottenham R. (h) 1, Reading R. 0; Southampton R. 2, Brighton R. (h) 1; Portsmouth R. (h) 1, Fulham R. 0; Southend R. 2, Chelsea R. (h) 0.									
WELSH CUP.—Final.—Wrexham (h) 1, Swansea 1.									
LONDON CUP.—Final.—Caledonians 4, Clapton 1 (at Ilford).									
ASSOCIATION CLUB MATCHES.—Guards Depot (h) 1, Public Schools Corps 1; Coventry City 1, N. 5, Pontypool 0; West Norwood 4, Leytonstone (h) 1; Nunhead (h) 3, 2nd Sportsman's Battalion 0; Millwall Reserves 2, Walthamstow Grange (h) 0.									

VOICE OF THE PROPHETS

NEWMARKET.—Tuesday.
VISITORS' PLATE.—Winning Post: Parhelion. Town Topics: Roi de Cœur. Sporting Times: Red Star. Racing World: Dropwort. Diamond Journal: Topic.
CRAWFORD PLATE.—Winning Post: Matter. Town Topics: Clairvoyante. Sporting Times: Clairvoyante. Racing World: Clairvoyante. Racing Expert: Clairvoyante. Diamond Journal: Mix Up.
BIENNIAL STAKES.—Winning Post: Jungle Cock. Town Topics: Manxman or Archelaus. Racing World: Manxman. Diamond Journal: Jungle Cock.

NEWMARKET.—Wednesday.
BABRAHAM PLATE.—Winning Post: Caraccho. Town Topics: Hey Diddle-iddle. Sporting Times: Cylene More. Racing World: Hey Diddle-iddle. Racing Expert: Hey Diddle-iddle. Diamond Journal: The Forest.
WOOD DITTON STAKES.—Winning Post: Elkington. Town Topics: Sea Eagle. Sporting Times: Silver Ring. Racing World: Sea Eagle or Elkington. Racing Expert: Brown Ronald. Diamond Journal: Canute.
COLUMB PRODUCE STAKES.—Winning Post: Eager Eyes. Town Topics: W. Waugh's selected. Racing World: W. Waugh's selected. Racing Expert: W. Waugh's selected. Diamond Journal: Manxman.

NEWMARKET.—Thursday.
FLYING HANDICAP.—Winning Post: Matcho Paani or Curly Coat. Town Topics: Benevolent. Sporting Times: Benevolent. Racing World: Simile. Diamond Journal: Simile.
CRIVEN STAKES.—Winning Post: Pommern. Town Topics: Torloisk. Sporting Times: Torloisk. Racing World: Pommern. Racing Expert: Pommern. Diamond Journal: Torloisk.
THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.—Winning Post: Lambie. Town Topics: Noeur. Sporting Times: Clever Dick. Racing World: Valour or Market. Racing Expert: Clever Dick. Diamond Journal: King's Chancellor.

NEWBURY RACING RETURNS.

2-0.—TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE. 51.—AQUATINT (3.1). F. Templeman, 1; Decorum (10.1); 2: Somali (3.1). 3. Also ran: Fleeting Love c (6.1), Light Comedian, Dunskey (10.1), Piratical Duke, Potemkin, Avezzano, Lady Letitia I, Duty Bound, Kona, B. T., Don't Tempt Me and Old Scout (10.6).
2-30.—WHITSHIRE PLATE. 71.—DICK DEADEYE (2.1). Donoghue, 1; Raven Ashridge (20.1). 2: Bachelor's Tax (6.1). 3. Also ran: Prim Simon (3.1), Dawpool, Remington (10.1), Mark Back (100.8), St. Gall, Spiked, Beethoven, That's Enough, Ida H. Sungebe, Fortress and Ellershe (20.1). (Cundell).
3-10.—NEWBURY SPRING CUP. 1m.—WRACK (100.9). F. Rickaby, 1; Outram (10.1). 2: Woodwill (20.1). 3. Also ran: Blue Stone (3.1), Diadumenos (9.2), Draughtsman (10.1), Gagar, Prevoyant, Cheerful (100.8), Chancellor II (100.7), King's Scholar, Clairvoyante, Gunbearer (20.1), Lie-Bed, Heavy Warrior (25.1), Ambassador, Fitz Yama and Mount William (33.1). (F. Hartigan).
3-45.—MANTON T.Y.O. STAKES. 5f.—LAPAMIE (5.4). Clark, 1; Wet Kiss (100.6). 2: Foxgrove (8.1). 3. Also ran: Queen's Bridge (5.1), Bodenden, Chelndry f. (10.1), Gilbert the Filbert, Irish Brigade, One, Billycock, Aberdare, My Memo, Smartindale, Confetti, Tredette, Blue Eyes, Truck and Discretely (100.6). (Robinson).
4-15.—THATCHAM HANDICAP. 2m. 11.—MAJOR SYMONS (5.1). Donoghue and BEN WYVIS (10.1). Cooper, dead-heat, 1; Knight of Glin (10.1). 3. Also ran: Toller (9.2), Harvest (5.1), Balseadden (6.1). Strady Trade, Aqueduct (3.1), Mariano (10.1), Willaura, Grassy, Lady V., Greenpeace, Sir Colin, Medley and Flurry (100.6). (Major Symons, Fallon; Ben Wyvis, Pratt).
4-45.—SPRING STAKES. 1m.—THE REVENGE (7.1). Piper, 1; Summer Theme (5.1). 2: Herode Agrippa (10.1). 3. Also ran: Ermina (7.2), Charade, Blanche (6.1), Sun Umbrella (7.1), Suntran, Caxton, Magill, Polacre, Chant de Guerre, Dernier Cri, Whitesocks, Filial and Dust (100.7). (Baker).

GREY AND INMAN TO-MORROW.

The most interesting billiards match of the season will be commenced at the Leicester-square Saloon to-morrow, when Inman and Gray meet for the first time with ivory balls. When George Gray made his debut in England some five years ago he carried all before him. The best men very carefully avoided him, but eventually Inman, as the season waned, declared himself ready for a match, and fell into play with the great English exponent, and Inman had the worst beating of his life, and beatings, as everybody knows, are rare happenings to Inman when he has been engaged in matches for the "dough."

Curiously enough, these two men have never met since, and it is to be presumed that Inman's absence in America has caused him to lose sight of the fact that the Australian professional has quite recently adapted himself to the ivory balls, and is now playing almost as well with them as was the case when the compositions (always used in Australia) were the articles played with in their previous match.

At Leicester-square yesterday in the billiards match of 16,500 up Falkiner (received 3,000) beat Inman by 518 points.

WRACK'S NEWBURY CUP

Improved Guineas Prospects of Friar Marcus.

THE WEEK'S RACING.

Lord Rosebery's Wrack won the Spring Cup for the second year in succession at Newbury yesterday. The result caused nothing like the surprise occasioned earlier in the week when Frustration brought off a 20 to 1 chance in the Queen's Prize, but after his failure in the Lincolnshire Handicap Wrack was naturally not so well fancied as several others. Blue Stone and Diadumenos were the biggest favourites, and, as it turned out, they were also the biggest failures. Some horses do not like a flat, straight galloping track, and Diadumenos will probably be seen to better advantage in the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton. The Newbury mile, on the other hand, suited Wrack much better than the easier eight furlongs at Lincoln, and, on the same terms, he easily reversed the placings with Cheerful, Clairvoyante and Outram. The latter proved that he was a trifle unlucky on the Carlhove by getting second, but it was a surprise to see Woodwill third, only a neck behind Outram. The easy victory of Dick Deadeye in the Wiltshire Plate caused his stable companion, Prevoyant, to be as well backed as Cigar and Cheerful, but I am afraid Mr. Teall's horse does not stay a mile in first-class company.

The absence of Friar Marcus from the Greenham Stakes at Newbury on Friday caused a lot of disappointment, but there is nothing wrong with the King's Derby favourite. Roseland, on the other hand, seems to be suffering from his two-year-old splint trouble again, and already he has been taken out of the Two Thousand Guineas. The withdrawal of Mr. A. F. Basset's colt leaves Let Fly as the most dangerous opponent to Friar Marcus in the first classic race of the season, and, as Colonel Hall Walker's colt failed to beat Sunfire on Friday, there seems no adequate reason why the King's colt should not confirm his juvenile superiority a fortnight hence.

A Model of Consistency.

Last year the official Two-Year-Old Handicap placed Let Fly 3lb. better than Sunfire, but in the Newbury race they ran at level weights. The same authority puts Friar Marcus 6lb. in front of Let Fly, and, although the pair did not meet last season, the King's colt—taking a line through the running of Rodern—was the better two-year-old. Let Fly is certainly a model of consistency, but, even allowing for the fact that Sunfire was slightly more forward in condition on Friday, the form does not seem good enough to bring about the first defeat of Friar Marcus. Whatever his fate in the Derby, I think we can look forward to cheering a royal victory in the Guineas on April 28. Friar Marcus was not tried with the other of the King's horses last week, but probably he will be galloped with Jungle Cock after that colt has run at Newmarket this week.

There were so many surprises at the holiday meetings that the victory of Beaufaire in a selling meeting at Birmingham was quite overlooked. He started at 10 to 1 in a field of three, and, thanks to a Le Touquet swerving all over the place, won by a neck. Three years ago he was heavily backed for the Lincolnshire Handicap, but since then he has shown such a violent dislike to racing that when his number went up for the race at Birmingham a spectator exclaimed: "If Beaufaire wins I'll eat him." Eventually he laid £50 to 10s. against the horse, and his feelings can be better imagined than described when Beaufaire won. These freak bets come off sometimes, but it will be a long time before the "record" of Mr. J. Haynes is beaten. At Hurst Park last year he laid £100 to 1s. against Form, and the lucky backer was paid out ten minutes later. Previous to that the same bookmaker had laid £200 to a cigarette and a match against a horse at Warwick, but on this occasion he won. Going a long way further back, one of the most famous freak bets was made in Blink Bonny's Derby. A bookmaker laid Mr. Drinkall £20,000 to a suit of clothes, hat, boots and malacca cane against Black Tommy, and the horse, starting at 200 to 1, was only beaten by a neck.

Newmarket and Derby.

The Craven Meeting opens the Newmarket racing season on Tuesday, and later in the week some good sport is promised at Derby. As usual at headquarters many horses hold several engagements, and on Tuesday KING'S DAY will win either the Fitzwilliam Stakes or the Ashley Plate, either the King's colt, Jungle Cock, under colours in the Fifth Biennial, and as Archelaus evidently does not stay he may win at his first attempt. That consistent horse Matter has a good chance in the Crawford Plate, and a likely outsider for the Visitors' Plate is Artist's Square.

Only ten horses have been left in the Babraham Plate on Wednesday, but there is plenty of material for a fine race. I have most fancy for THE FOREST, who has been going very well at exercise lately. Gadabout may outstay the speedy Eager Eyes in the Column Produce Stakes, and Silver Ring or Colour System should take the Wood Ditton Stakes.

On Thursday we have the Craven Stakes—a race with an evil reputation for Derby candidates. No horse has won the Derby after a success in the Craven Stakes since Jeddah was successful in 1898, and among the failures at Enson were Slieve Gallion, Jingleing Georgia, Neil Gow and Kennymore. The only prominent Derby candidate engaged this week is Torloisk, and if he is sent to compete he should have no difficulty in winning. In his absence Pommern should beat Bambusa. On the same day TROUBADOUR may win the Fifty-Fifth Biennial and Oddman the Maiden Plate.

At Derby on Friday Lord Annandale should beat Oeydrome for the Doveridge Handicap, and PARANA looks a good thing for the Sudbury Plate. Windlesham should be given another chance in the Quarndon Handicap. On Saturday DON DE ROCA has a good chance of atoning for his defeat at Kempton in the Derbyshire Handicap, and, with so many horses penalised, Ronaldo may take the Chaddesden Plate.

Of our dozen horses to follow Flying Ob is engaged in the Biennial Stakes at Newmarket on Thursday, and Bethlehem in the Stewards' Plate at Eglinton on Friday.

APPLEGARTH SPRINT CHAMPION.

W. R. Applegarth, the ex-amateur, defeated J. Donaldson, the Australian, in their 220 yards match at Manchester yesterday by a yard in 22 1/2. As Applegarth had previously beaten Donaldson over 100 yards, he is now undoubtedly the professional sprint champion of the world, and has thus brilliantly followed up his successes as an amateur.

Second Lieutenant D. N. Ganssen, of the 8th Bedfordshire, the Oxford Blue and winner of the inter-University three miles in 1913, won the cross-country race for troops stationed in Sussex at Shoreham yesterday. There were 250 competitors.

HOW WILLARD BECAME CHAMPION

Johnson Worn Down and Beaten by Sheer Pluck.

GIANT AMONG MEN.

After holding the championship since 1908 against all comers, who could persuade a promoter to put up a purse which would allow Johnson to take \$5,000 as his end of it, "win, lose or draw," the negro world's champion has been beaten at last, and by a white man. Jess Willard, the giant cowboy, is the man of muscle to avenge Tommy Burns, James Jeffries, Stanley Ketchell, Jim Flynn and Frank Moran, who had all in turn been beaten by the big nigger in championship contests. The title, which should never have been allowed to go out of the keeping of the white race, has been won back. I hope public opinion will now be strong enough to stop the promotion of any other such match between a white man and a negro.

The defeat of Johnson was inevitable, so soon as a man could be found who possessed a sufficient reserve of strength to outlast the big negro's superior boxing abilities for a great many rounds. Had last Monday's match taken place in England Johnson would still be champion of the world, for our rules do not allow contests of longer duration than twenty rounds. Monday's fight was an endurance affair, scheduled to last for forty-five rounds—three hours. Just fancy what it meant. Jess Willard weighed 17st. 9lb. and Johnson, although much the lighter man, pulled down the beam at 16st. 3lb.

Strenuous Boxing.

Could two such giants pummel one another for three hours without one or other of them losing his life, supposing the fight went the full distance? It is incredible to suppose it. I may be told, of course, that plenty of fights have gone for a longer number of rounds. But that was in the London prize ring days when a round ended so soon as one of the men was thrown or went down under a blow. Many of the rounds did not last a minute, and, moreover, knuckle fights, although perhaps more gory in their earlier stages when the hands were hard and fresh, were not such punishing affairs as modern boxing championship contests, where the knuckles are protected by small gloves, and the hand which is bandaged with strips of rubber adhesive remains hard up to the end of the fight.

Jack Johnson's life since he became the world's champion has been variegated and exciting. It has been such that, provided a man could be found strong enough to outlast his vitality, during which time his cleverness would remain, he would be particularly likely to fall from sheer lack of strength, the more so as he has never been a remarkably punishing or vicious fighter. We were told that after Stanley Ketchell had knocked him down he jumped up like a tiger and put the white man out. But Ketchell was middle-weight champion—11st. 4lb.—and a much smaller man than Johnson. In Willard he had a boxer half as big again to oppose him. In view of what happened at Havana Frank Moran, who went twenty rounds with Johnson, must be adjudged an unlucky man, for it was generally admitted that he was the stronger of the two at the finish of his fight last year in Paris. Had that fight also been one of endurance, Moran would now probably be the world's champion. There is no doubt that Johnson tried very hard to knock out Moran, and, from all accounts, he tried similar tactics against Willard. But he was not strong enough, and, tiring, laid himself open to the rain of blows which finally brought his tenure of the title to a close.

An Old-Time Battle.

To quote an account of the Corbett and Fitzsimmons contest, which appears in "Famous Fights"—an interesting shillingsworth, from the pen of Mr. L. R. Tossell, who has written many of the best and most accurate accounts of recent big battles in the columns of *The Times*—Johnson lost his championship to Willard exactly as Corbett lost his, with this difference, that Fitzsimmons, the winner, was much the lighter man. After that historic battle, Mr. George Siler, the referee, said: "It was a fight in which the harder-hitting fighter whipped the more polished and more finished boxer. Corbett easily outboxed Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons indisputably outlasted Corbett. In the earlier stages of the conflict it looked to the police as though it was all up with Fitzsimmons. Instead the man from Cornwall was at no stage in a serious condition. The punches landed by Corbett appeared to fall harmlessly on Britain's son. He never tried to evade them. He would come right in on the leads of the man from California, and, as Lou Houseman laconically put it, 'he asked for more of the same sort of gruel.' Corbett spent all of his vigour and endurance in vain efforts to wear Fitzsimmons down on jabs and weakly-executed swings. Fitzsimmons took these, and bearing in and on, sought for such a blow as he landed in the fatal fourteenth."

Now carry your mind back a few days and substitute Moran for Fitzsimmons and Wells for Corbett, and fourteenth for tenth, and that summing-up might have been made almost of the Opera House contest instead of a battle fought nearly twenty years ago. You can also remember many more contests where exactly such a summing-up would apply. It is the inevitable tale told in the words of a good judge, and the story of Johnson's last fight is on all fours with the Fitzsimmons and Corbett contest, except that it took Willard much longer to exhaust the reserve of Johnson's strength.

A Waiting Game.

Willard, from the best accounts, did not start in to fight Johnson until he was absolutely certain the negro had so weakened himself by trying to force the battle that he was at his mercy. Then he fought "ferociously" and lashed and battered the ex-champion until he tottered and finally fell from his pinnacle. Johnson tried all his wiles in the early stages to induce Willard to make the leads: he jeered at him; grinned his golden smile; offered to give him boxing lessons as early as in the third round, and later on, in the eleventh, when the crowd were yelling to Willard to "kill the black bear," he replied, to quote Truman Harte in *Boxing*, with gibe for gibe, and asked: "Do you call this a bear-hunter?" And at the same time he drove home blow after blow at Willard's body, until that became one vast purple patch. The jeers did not answer, and from about the twelfth to the seventeenth round Johnson tried to rush the white man off his feet, but game and determined and fierce as were his rushes he failed to shake the stoicism of his opponent, or make him break away from his system and the advice of his seconds.

Imagine a system, part of which is to allow a man of Jack Johnson's size to expend his strength and vigour in battering your anatomy, round after round, with all the skill and strength possessed by a world's heavy-weight champion, until he is so tired that you can pay back with interest the hammering you have received. The Spartan courage requisite to carry such tactics to a successful ending

are almost past belief. They are possessed by Jess Willard. And the present world's boxing champion deserves to rank with the great knuckle fighters of a bygone age before gloves were used to decide which was the best man in the world, at the science of fistifuffs.

After the twentieth round Johnson knew that he had shot his bolt, and that his defeat was imminent. Then he sent a message to his wife to leave the ring. It was tantamount to an admission of defeat. She went in the twenty-fifth, and, under the ferocity of Willard's attack, Johnson crumpled up in the twenty-sixth, beaten by a younger and stronger fighter certainly not by a better boxer. "I've had a good innings. He beat me fairly and squarely. . . . He is too strong and too young for me. He will beat them all." With these words he relinquished the title, and while in future we may have champions in their colour, I hope, as I said in the beginning of this article, that we shall never allow white and black to meet again to decide a question of world's supremacy. Johnson's tenure of the title has helped the boxing boom, because we have been trying to get a white man to beat him; but at what cost? Now we want to find a Britisher to whip Willard, and, according to Johnson, it will take some doing.

Willard has only been beaten twice. In his very first fight he was disqualified for a foul in the tenth round of a match with Louis Fink at Supulpa, Oklahoma. Gunboat Smith beat him on points after twenty rounds at San Francisco. He has never been knocked out and has fought ten rounds no decision bouts with Arthur Pelky and Luther McCarthy, and has a victory to his credit over Carl Morris in ten rounds at New York. If Willard, who has a reach of 83in., ever starts in to learn boxing he will probably not have to wait so long to beat his next opponent. In fact, it might be worth his while now to take on Johnson's offer and get some boxing lessons from his late opponent.

The Champion's Start.

Many stories have been told of Jess Willard's start in the profession of pugilism. He went one day from his ranch to a neighbouring town to sell horses, and in the evening went to a boxing show and saw two big men hammer one another. "Gee, I could do better than that," he is reported to have said. He tried, and although he is not yet an accomplished boxer he has found none to lower his colours. Beaten on points he has been. Who will be the first to knock him out?

Meanwhile Dick Burge has cabled for terms for Willard to appear in England after the war. It would be useless to put him up at the present moment. And besides, whom have we in this country to take on the Kansas giant. Bombardier Wells there is, and Frank Moran, of America, is here. Bandstann Rice, too would be willing to meet him, and so would Hague, Gunner Moir, and even old Ben Taylor, but with what chance.

We feel our lack of big men at such a juncture, and sometimes it makes one wish that we could unearth another John Hopley and persuade him to leave the amateur ranks. I wonder what Hopley would do with most of the big men in the ring just now. It is meet that a real "big un" should be champion, for Tommy Burns, the man beaten by Johnson, was not really a heavyweight. Who will be the first to oppose Willard for the title? I can almost see Gunboat Smith and Sam Langford telegraphing their challenges, but I hope Langford will be barred anything beyond a ten rounds no decision bout. What an unlucky nigger he is!

P. J. MOSS.

SOLDIERS AND BOXING.

Soldiers at the front are very fond of boxing and football. In this connection a good story is going the rounds concerning one of the censors. Having a few days leave the worthy gentleman motored to one of the French seaports and returned with a car laden with footballs, boxing gloves and boxes of games. "Very kind of you; must have cost some pounds," said a brother officer. "Well," replied he of the blue pencil, "I'm getting fed up with reading letters; if the men have something to do when resting they will write less."

FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 3.

The best coupon received contained two errors, and the sender, Mr. Joe Morris, 125, Bastwell-terrace, Blackwell—accordingly wins the consolation prize of £50.

CHELSEA OR SHEFFIELD?

Will the Football Cup Come to London Again?

TWO GREAT SIDES.

Ask any man in the South of England who are going to win the Association Cup next Saturday week and he will promptly tell you "Chelsea." Ask the same question of a Yorkshireman and "Sheffield United" will be the reply. As it is perfectly obvious that both cannot be right we shall try and solve this little difficulty. And in doing so we realise to the full the task we have taken on. Everyone knows, of course, that this April Chelsea and Sheffield United are the teams—one with years of work and a great reputation behind them; the other a mere stripling, as it were, just a sapling amongst a forest of hoary old oaks.

For Chelsea are young—at any rate as a club. It is not ten years since their name was first in the competition. Then, in October, 1905, they met and defeated the 1st Grenadier Guards, some of whom may be playing a sterner game now over in Flanders. Once in a flash of greatness Chelsea reached the semi-final round, but on a dark day at Birmingham in 1911 their hopes of reaching the final were rudely shattered by Newcastle United. That was the furthest point Chelsea ever reached in the national competition until this season.

The advent of the Cup-ties saw Chelsea settle down to a game which they had been trying to consolidate for four months without success. And now, what do we find when we examine the records of the teams? Chelsea have played seven games, scoring 12 goals to 4; Sheffield United have played six matches and have scored 9 goals to 2. Sheffield, therefore, have the better goal average, and until the semi-final round, Blackpool were the only team to get past their defence.

Far more experienced in both League and Cup matches, Sheffield United must be regarded as formidable opponents. Their defence is undoubtedly very, very good, and in attack they have forwards of the type that do not as a rule fritter away chances. And yet with all their good work and the traditions which help a side so much in the final tie they are not such a good all-round team as Chelsea. Last Saturday the Sunderland men left the field at Stamford Bridge a soundly thrashed lot. Beaten by a display of football the like of which has not been seen for many a day. And that is the football which Chelsea have been playing in their Cup-ties. None of the bullocking, kick and rush, get-through-at-any-price sort of game, but stylish football, played at a great pace and with combination that carries a side to victory in any sort of game. Sheffield will put up a rare fight, one may be sure, but unless something extraordinary happens they will scarcely stay the triumphant march of Chelsea. It will be a match worth all the journey to Manchester and the team that wins will win by some of the best football seen in the final tie for some years. That team should, on form, be Chelsea.

Unless some of them get badly damaged in their League matches between now and Saturday week, Chelsea will most probably place in the field the side which did so well against Newcastle United and Everton—but without in any way disparaging Halse. It would not weaken the attack if Lieutenant V. J. Woodward were brought in at inside right instead of the ex-Villa man. Halse is a magnificent shot, but he lacks the ability to give those delightful passes which make Woodward such a dangerous forward in a combined attack. Still, Halse has done nothing wrong since the great improvement, and by reason of his hard shooting he must always be a source of anxiety to the opposing defence. He alone of the Chelsea men has taken part in a final tie before.

Like Chelsea, Sheffield United will have only one man who has participated in a previous final. This is their captain, George Utley. So far as we can ascertain at present, Sheffield United will place in the field an eleven composed entirely of Englishmen—that is, if we accept Evans as an Englishman, for he has played for both England and Wales. Chelsea will have three, and possibly four, Scotsmen in their team, so that what may, without rudeness, be described as the foreign element will not be conspicuous as in some finals of recent years. S. S.

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Official lists are used when selecting games, but in case one or more matches do not take place on date named or are abandoned at or before half-time, only the £50 consolation prize will be awarded on results of remaining games. Where play takes place after half-time the state of the game at time of abandonment will be regarded as the result.

Names and addresses must be clearly written in ink in the space provided. Any entry form upon which any alteration has been made will be disqualified. Coupons, carefully cut out and marked, should be addressed in a stamped envelope as follows:—

Sunday Pictorial Football Contest (April 17),

Gough House, Gough-square,

London, E.C.

All entries must be sent through the post. If delivered otherwise they will be disqualified. The envelope must bear a postmark not later than April 15, and the coupon must reach us by first post on Friday, April 16.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any coupon. No correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to admit or disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry except for what in his judgment he considers good and sufficient cause. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition is final and legally binding.

ing, and competitors may only enter on this understanding. Scottish readers may enter this competition. Employees of the firm are not allowed to compete.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL FOOTBALL FORM.—No. 5.

MATCHES PLAYED APRIL 17.

Strike out in ink the name of the team you believe will lose. Leave names as printed to indicate a draw:—

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| Aston Villa | v. Oldham Athletic. |
| Bradford City | v. Sheffield Wednesday. |
| Burnley | v. Sunderland. |
| Chelsea | v. West Bromwich Albion. |
| Liverpool | v. Bradford. |
| Manchester City | v. Everton. |
| Middlesbrough | v. Bolton Wanderers. |
| Newcastle United | v. Blackburn Rovers. |
| Sheffield United | v. Manchester United. |
| Tottenham Hotspur | v. Notts County. |
| Barnsley | v. Hull City. |
| Bury | v. Derby County. |
| Preston North End | v. Arsenal. |
| Notts Forest | v. Clapton Orient. |
| Wolves | v. Fulham. |
| Brighton | v. Northampton. |
| Gillingham | v. Watford. |
| Exeter | v. Reading. |
| Swindon | v. Millwall. |
| Luton | v. Creighton Common. |

I agree to abide by the rules as announced on this page and to accept the Editor's decision as final. I enter on that understanding.

Name

Address

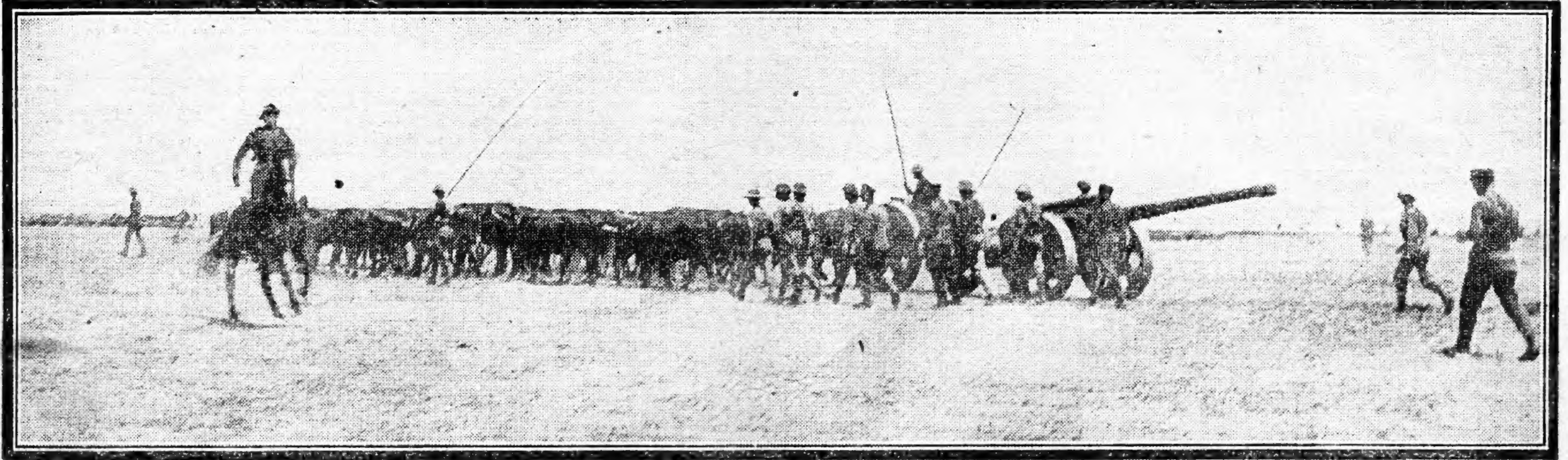
HOW Frenchwomen are Helping to Win the War: See Page Seven

SUNDAY-PICTORIAL

THE GREAT SUNDAY PICTURE NEWSPAPER.

ARE War Marriages Wise? See Article by Mr. Max Pemberton

FORTY OXEN DRAW A BRITISH GUN IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.



Oxen have to take the place of motors and horses in Africa, where the Union forces are beating the enemy. They are continuing to advance, and have just occupied the railway stations of Kalkfontein and Kuners. There was no opposition. They also hold Warm-

bad, the capital of German South-West Africa. The Germans will not have any colonies left soon. The British have been seizing them one by one, and both Australia and New Zealand have done their full share of the work in this respect.

LONDON'S GIRL TICKET COLLECTOR.



Women are being employed in increasing numbers on the railways as the result of the shortage of male labour. The picture shows the new ticket collector at Paddington. At Marylebone Station there are women carriage cleaners and a woman porter.

NEWS PORTRAITS.



Captain Harry Gibson, of the tug Homer, who tried to ram a German submarine. It was sheer ill-luck that he failed.

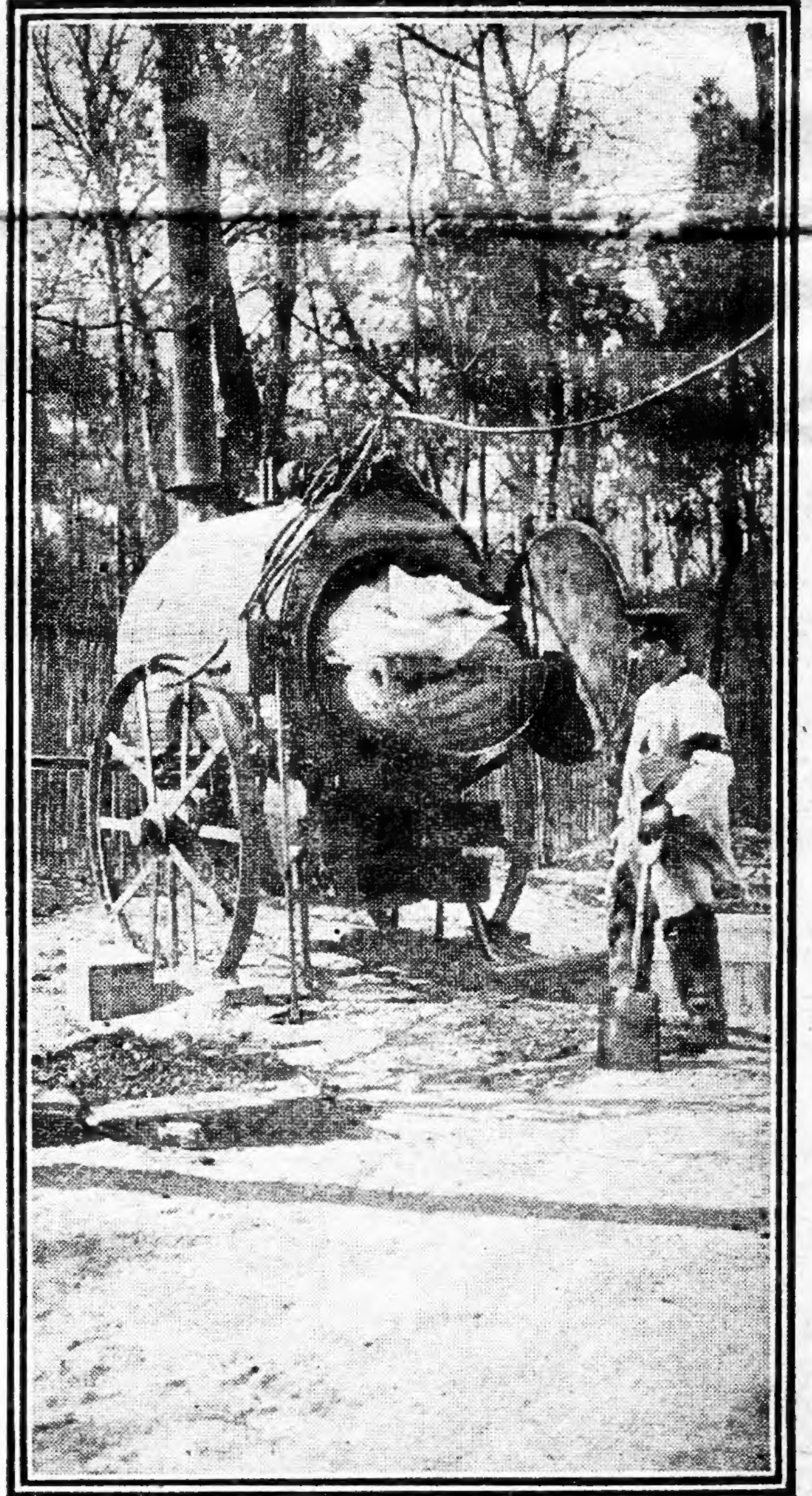


Miss Ursula Page-Phillips, who is to marry the Rev. Basil C. F. Andrewes.—(Bassano.)



Captain Wilfred Nunn, R.N., who has been awarded the D.S.O. "for skill and bravery."

DISINFECTOR AT MILITARY HOSPITAL.



Bedding from a case of typhoid fever being placed in the disinfector which is used at the Duchess of Westminster's hospital at the Casino, Le Touquet, a pretty little watering-place near Boulogne, which is largely patronised by English people.